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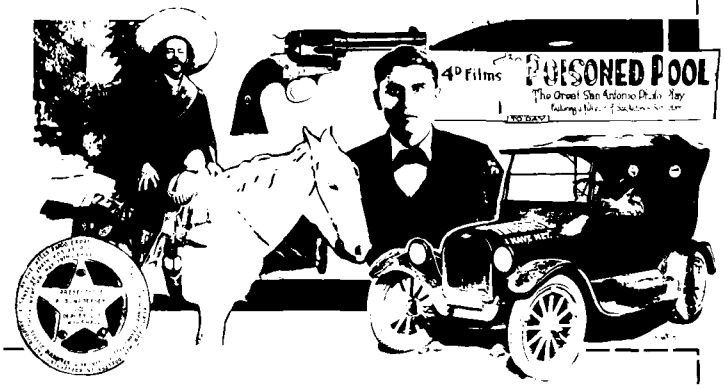

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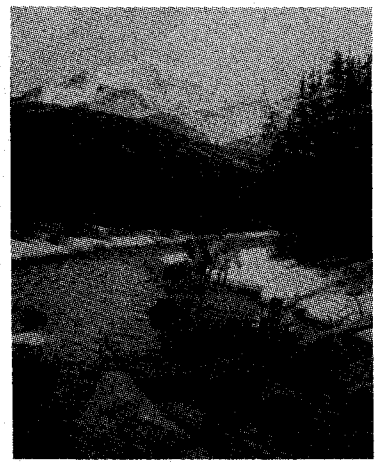

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Detail from "Walking Coyote & the Buffalo Orphans," by Tom Lovell, ©1983 The Greenwich Workshop, Inc., Trumbull, Connecticut 06611. The complete painting is shown at left.

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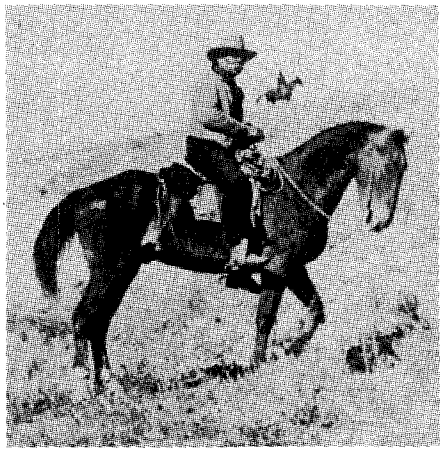

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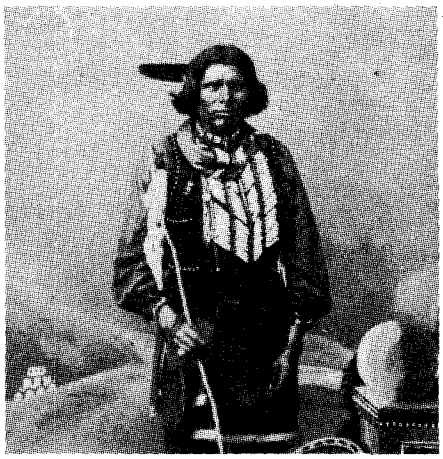

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From the Editor

Howdy, folks!

If you have a map of the United States handy, get it out and get ready for a geography lesson. And while you're at it, grab a ruler and a pencil.

Ready? First, find where Interstate Highway 25 runs north and south from Denver, Colorado, to Cheyenne, Wyoming. Place your ruler so that it runs along that stretch of highway, and then draw a straight line through the U.S. from Canada to Mexico.

Next, find where Interstate Highway 35 runs north and south from Oklahoma City to Wichita, Kansas. Again putting your ruler so that it runs along the same north-south line as the highway, draw another line through the U.S. from Canada to Mexico. It should run approximately parallel with the first line. Now, with any color pencil you like, shade in the area between your two lines and you'll have a rough approximation of the portion of the United States that two professors at Rutgers University would like to turn into something called "The Buffalo Commons."

The Buffalo Commons would be a big national park, if Frank and Deborah Popper had their way. They would tear down the fences, do away with the oil rigs and the towns and the ranches and farms, and try to restore the whole shootin' match approximately to the state it was in before being settled by the white man. The Poppers evidently would be content to allow the major population centers such as Okie City and Wichita to remain, but elsewhere the Great Plains would be returned to the vast, uninhabited grasslands of over a century ago.

The logic behind the Poppers' proposal is that everybody is moving to the big cities, anyhow, so the federal government might as well step in to help the process along and to manage the land once it has been abandoned. They point out the collapse of the energy industry, the dwindling numbers of farmers and ranchers, the empty storefronts, and the ghost towns, and they predict that within a generation the area will, for all practical purposes, be "depopulated" anyhow. So maybe we should make it an orderly retreat instead of a rout.

As you might imagine, the Popper proposal has drawn a lot of fire. And on the face of it, the idea seems plumb loco. But I can think of worse alternatives. A couple of recent land use controversies here in Oklahoma come to mind. The first one involved a large and enormously wealthy ranch that turned out to be a front for a Colombian drug lord. When the operation was finally busted a while back, it made headlines. The "ranchers" were arrested; the land, livestock, buildings, and vehicles were confiscated by the government. I don't know how the property was finally disposed of, but if it's being used for honest purposes I'd bet making a go of it is a lot tougher than it was for the drug smugglers.

At about the same time, an old-line ranch in western Oklahoma came up for sale. A religious organization quietly tried to buy the ranch, but word got around and there was quite a ruckus before a private, non-profit conservation group stepped in and bought the land.

In the meantime, as everyone knows, more and more family ranches and farms have been bought up by corporate conglomerates whose majority stockholders have never set foot on agricultural land. It seems to me, though, that if anything of our western heritage is worth preserving, it's the tradition of the family-owned ranch or farm. If that tradition cannot be saved and if no alternatives can be developed—and those are big *ifs*—public ownership of the land is preferable to its being laid waste or used as a tax dodge for big business, big religion, big crime, or big anything else.

The real question in the whole issue is what are the alternatives to the depopulation of the Plains, or for that matter, the depopulation of most of the West between the Mississippi River and the Pacific Coast? So far nobody seems to have the answer. But, as usual, I do have one humble suggestion. Instead of "giving the land back to nature" as the Poppers suggest, we should go one step farther and "give it back to the Indians." Then, if history repeated itself, as it most surely would, there would be no shortage of inventive white people with plenty of great notions about what to do with all that Indian land.

John Joerschke

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Vacation Guide

Howdy! I love the stories in TRUE WEST and OLD WEST. I depend on them to plan my yearly vacations.

My 1989 trip started from Portland, Oregon, on September 8. After first stopping to see my wife, Georgie's, son in Kashmir, Washington, we went on to the old copper and silver mining town of Wallace, Idaho. Next we saw the Old Mission Church, the oldest building in Idaho. It was built in 1854.

From there we went to Montana's St. Ignatius church, the most beautiful church I have ever seen. Don't ever pass it up.

Our fifth stop was historic Fort Benton, Montana, a must with its many historic sites. Our sixth stop was Stanford, Montana, where the "Ghost Wolf of the Little Belts" is mounted and on display in city hall. He was a real problem for sheepmen and cattlemen for years and years.

We traveled on to Williston, North Dakota, south to Jamestown, and into my hometown of Britton, South Dakota. Then on to Pipestone, Minnesota, one of only two places in the United States where the clay used for Indian peace pipes occurs.

After heading back west, we stopped at Chadron, Nebraska, historic because of the Indian conflicts that took place nearby, and at Fort Robinson, Nebraska, which remained active until 1946.

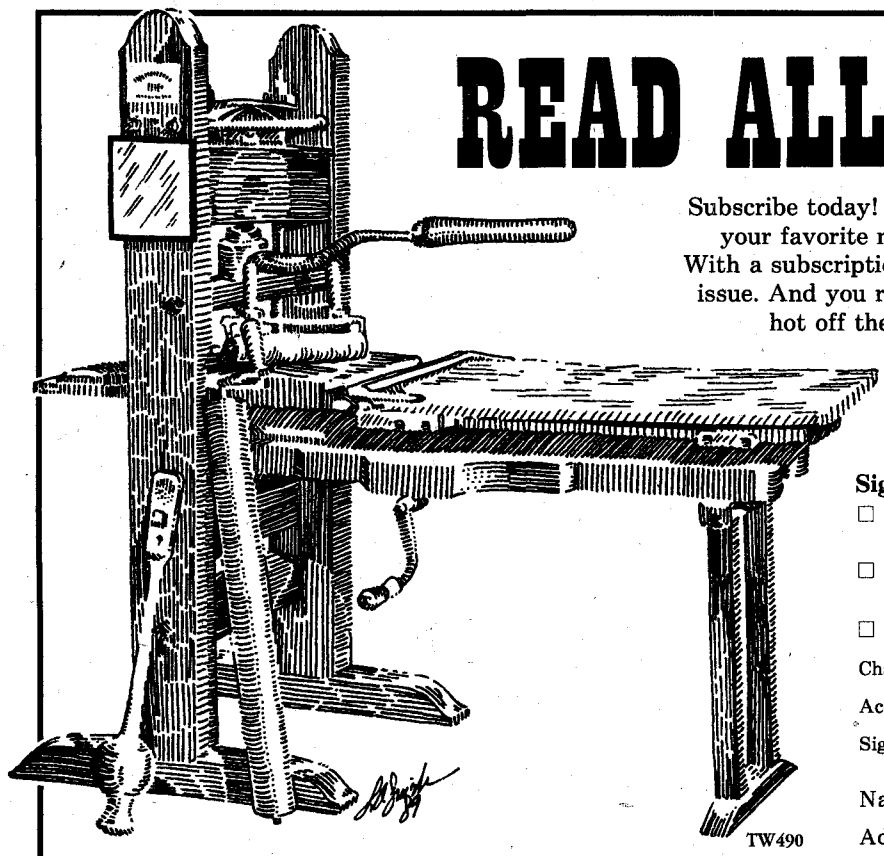
We went on to Douglas, Thermopolis, and Cody, Wyoming. If you like museums stop at all three of those towns! And don't miss Yellowstone National Park, which really preserves our heritage with its buffalo herds and unspoiled wilderness.

We continued to Elko, Nevada, site of today's gold mining boom, then to Reno, Tule Lake, California, and finally home to Portland via the scenic 1846 highway through Ashland, Oregon. We arrived home on September 30 after driving 6,354 miles. I never drive fast, just making every minute count.

Keep up the great work!—**R.C. Dyer, 2550 SE 157 #47, Portland, Oregon 97236.**

Editor's Note: Yep, your itinerary reads like an index to the last couple years of TRUE WEST! It sounds like a great trip, especially the part about just making every minute count.

A lot of readers use our rags to help plan their vacations. Be sure to tell the folks at your various stops that TRUE WEST sent you. And if you come across a place you think should be included in "Western Roundup," pick up an extra brochure and send it our way!



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Farfetched?

I have been receiving TRUE WEST for many years. I enjoy almost all the true stories.

The article "Scalp Hunters Come to Yuma Crossing," by David P. Robrock (February 1990 TRUE WEST) seems to me to be partly fiction, especially the $200 bounty paid by the state of Chihuahua for each Apache scalp, to include the right ear.

All this might be true, but it sounds a little farfetched to me.—**Wm. A. Furr, Rural Route 1, Box 92, Findlay, Illinois 62534.**

Editor's Note: Well, pard, it might sound a tad farfetched, but it's true—which just goes to prove one more time that fact is stranger than fiction. . . .

Sod Busters

In the mid-1920s, when I was about eight years old, my grandfather J.E. Skipper and my father's oldest brother, M.M. Skipper, took contracts to break sod by the section of ground. The plows were hitched together, two in the front and three in the back. They started around the outside of a section, so the first round was four miles long. Grandpa led with fifteen-year-old Jamie. Fourteen-year-old Charlie and twelve-

Bert J. Skipper sent this photo of Waggoner, Oklahoma, wagon boss Tony Hazelwood taken in 1937. Hazelwood was a "cowboy of the old school."

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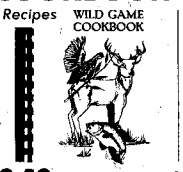

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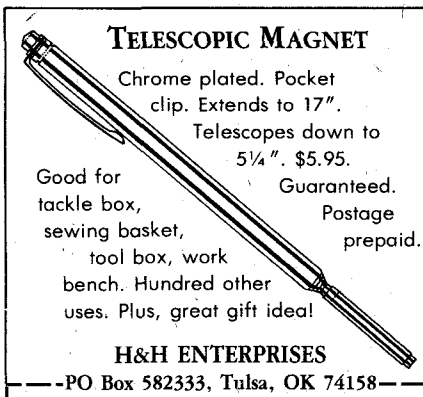

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year-old Lucille followed, and Uncle Monte came last. When they neared the center of a section, the turns got too tight to work all five plows, so Grandpa would take the kids and start another section while Uncle Monte plowed out the center and corners.

They would leave Wellington, Texas, in April to start their plowing, traveling in covered wagons to near Muleshoe, Texas. They dug a half-dugout, where they cooked and ate and where the women and younger children slept. The men and boys slept in the wagons. They returned to Wellington in the fall.

We lived in Amarillo, and I would go out and spend most of the summer with them.

I am sending some copies of old pictures; I thought they might be of interest.—**Bert J. Skipper, Sardis Store, Clayton, Oklahoma 74536.**

Editor's Note: Thanks, pard, for the photos and the letter. I reckon I'd rather spend my summers on the trail of TRUE WEST historic places than following a mule and plow around another feller's grassland!

Just His Way of Expression

The November 1979 FRONTIER TIMES included "Charley Cormack—Forsyth Scout," by Thomas J. Cormack. Charley Cormack was my wife's grandfather. He came to our house a lot. When he did, I'd say, "Gran'pa, how are you?"

His answer was always, "By god, Joe, not worth a goddamn." That was just his way of expression.

He was almost ninety-eight years old when he passed away on March 30, 1944. Thanks for listening.—**Joe Hanson, 612 Wolff Street, Denver, Colorado 80204.**

Editor's Note: Thanks for writing. Sounds like Charley Cormack was an unusually honest man, and an interesting character! For those who would like to read more about him, FRONTIER TIMES used to be TRUE WEST's companion rag; back issues are still available. . . .

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New Sport for the Old West

By BRUCE THORSTAD

Just as the modern rodeo tests the riding and roping skills of the working cowhand, a new shooting sport celebrates the gunslinging prowess of the frontier lawman, gunfighter, and outlaw.

Western action shooting began as a single event, the "End of Trail," held annually since 1982 in Orange County, California. It pits competitors in Old West regalia against one another in fast and furious three-gun shootouts. At each of these three-day extravaganzas (April 20–22 this year), some three hundred Old West recreators come from most states plus Canada, Germany, and a few other places to test their shooting skills. Thousands of spectators roam the grounds to watch targets topple in a blaze of gunfire, to sample trail drive chili, to attend evening hoedowns and costume judgings, and to browse through wares offered by a score of frontier mercantiles.

Author's Photo

Authentic costumes add to the spectator appeal at "End of Trail" shooting contests.

"End of Trail" was an instant phenomenon, an event so colorful, so much fun, and so pleasantly addictive that an entire sport has grown up around it. Today, western action shooting is spreading rapidly, with monthly matches offered by clubs in California, Arizona, Colorado, Texas, and elsewhere. Since the Old West is now less a place than a state of mind, frontier fans in eastern states like Georgia and Florida are getting in on the fun, too.

Wherever you find one, a western action match is made up of several shooting stages, each as clever and colorful as match directors can devise. Competitors are timed, with every missed shot typically adding five seconds to the score. Firearms are those appropriate to the American frontier, 1865–1900: single-action revolvers, lever-action rifles, and old-time shotguns. Targets are most often steel knockdowns, though they can also be bowling pins, balloons, or cardboard or plywood owlhoots.

Unlike the older sport of fast draw, accuracy counts more than speed, and live ammunition is used throughout. As in the real Old West (as opposed to Hollywood versions), a fast draw from the holster is not required. Bringing the six-gun safely and smoothly into play, however, definitely is.

For a full dose of authenticity, each competitor registers under a frontier shooting alias, or "handle," and puts together an Old West costume. Outfits

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tend to get ever more elaborate and authentic as shooters stay with the sport. In fact, costuming is rewarding for its own sake, and many larger matches feature costume judging that is as keenly contested as the shooting. Any good-sized match will boast enough trail drovers and tinhorn gamblers, lawmen and outlaws, soldiers and Indians, pioneer womenfolk and "soiled doves" to warm the heart of any Old West enthusiast. Many competitors put Hollywood costumers to shame, researching the lives and times of historical characters like Calamity Jane Cannary or Texas Jack Omohundro and arming and outfitting themselves with absolute authenticity.

Maybe it's the spectacle of adults dressing up to play cowboys that keeps anyone from taking the game too seriously, for competition is highly sportsmanlike and well seasoned with humor. Getting to know dozens of other competitors only by their Old West handles such as Montana Dan, Calamity Joan, Hipshot, or Judge Roy Bean adds to the fun.

No levity intrudes upon safety, however. Though western action shooting has never had a firearm-related accident, the potential for injury is always present. Accordingly, safe gun handling procedures are rigidly enforced. Each shooting stage is carefully supervised, neither horseplay nor alcohol are tolerated, and firearms are loaded only when the competitor goes into the firing line. At the largest matches, off-duty law enforcement personnel are hired as safety officers.

Whether or not you have the makings of a latter-day Wyatt Earp, it's refreshing to spend a day or weekend on the American frontier of the 1870s and '80s. The sport's only sanctioning body, the Single Action Shooting Society, offers membership information and can put you in touch with existing clubs or like-minded individuals in your area. Contact the Single Action Shooting Society, 1820 E. Diana Street, Anaheim, California 92805; telephone (714) 351-8515. For a copy of the SASS newsletter, the *Cowboy Chronicle*, enclose two dollars when writing.

Western Roundup is a report on places to go and things to see associated with the history of the Old West. Submissions are welcome. Information on scheduled events should be submitted at least four months prior to the event. Items on historic places are also welcome. Send information including photos to: Western Roundup, Western Publications, P.O. Box 2107, Stillwater, OK 74076.

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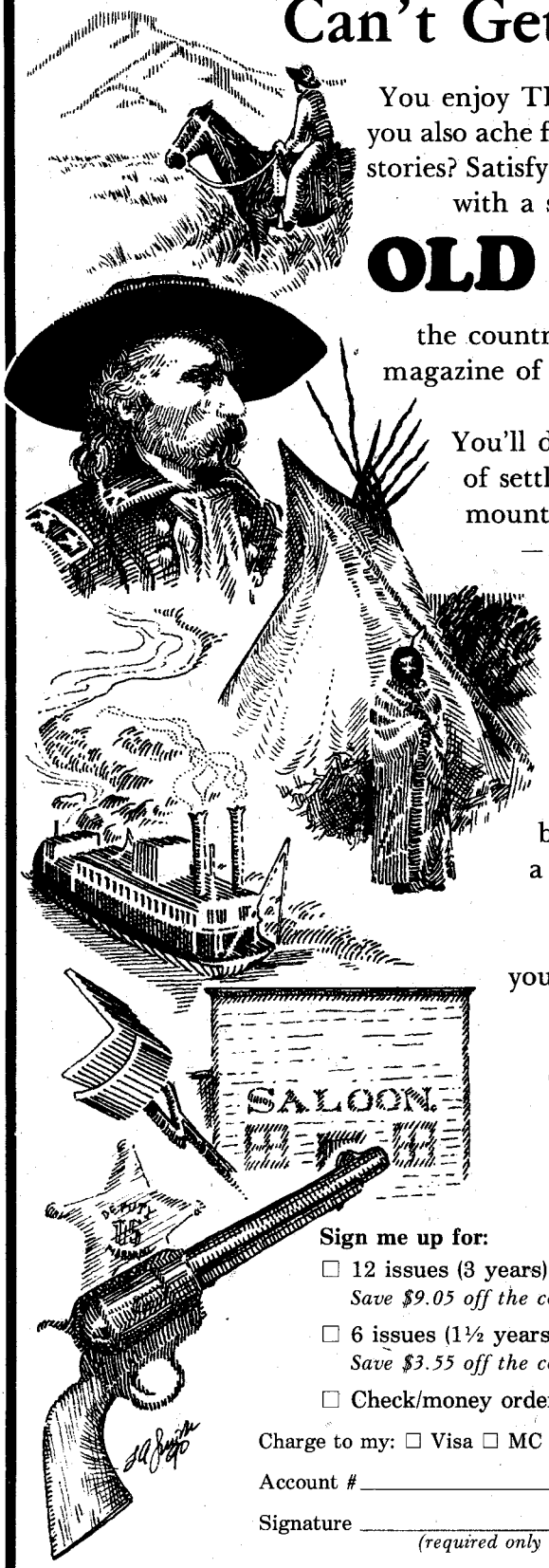

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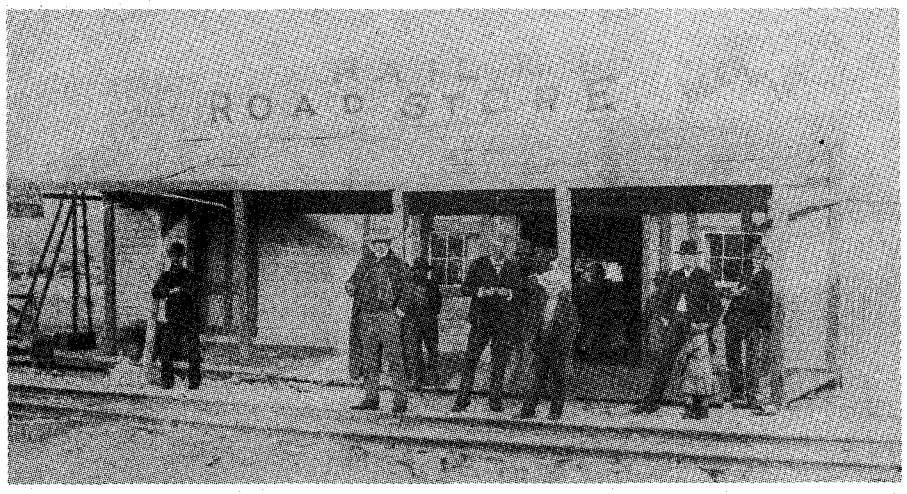
Judge Roy Bean

By CHUCK PARSONS

A photograph of the famous Judge Roy "Law West of the Pecos" Bean prompted a question from Old West collector Gary W. Gallup, 257 E. Main Street, Campbellsport, Wisconsin 53010. Gallup asks for information about the photo, which as far as I know has never been published before. The only information provided by the photo itself is the imprint of photographer "H. Form & Lang, Fort Clark, Texas. If you know anything more about the photo, please contact me.



G.W. Gallup Photo

Judge Roy Bean is the bearded man at center of what may be a previously unpublished photograph.

Roy Bean was born in Kentucky about 1825. After many adventures in San Antonio, he left the Alamo City in 1882, probably at the suggestion of his friend W.N. Monroe, contractor of the Sunset Railroad. As the road progressed westward toward the Pecos, Bean set up temporary saloons along the way. By late summer he was at Eagle's Nest Springs, which he renamed Langtry, after actress Lillie Langtry, with whom he had fallen in love. On August 2, 1882, Texas Ranger Capt. Thomas L. Oglesby appointed Bean justice of the peace.

The photo shows Bean and friends standing between his "Rail Road Store" and the tracks. The sign at the extreme left reads "Roy Bean—Justice of the Peace—Notary Public." The solitary man with arms crossed on the left is Johnny Welch, occasionally known as Bean's gunman. Bean died March 16, 1903.

I hope an alert reader can provide more information about this interesting photograph.

Flashman and the Redskins

"Have you ever heard of the book, *Flashman and the Redskins*, written or edited by George MacDonald Fraser, published by Alfred A. Knopf, Inc. in 1982?" That question comes from Jerry D. Chastain, 2630 Downer Avenue, Richmond, California 94804. Chastain explains, "The book is supposed to be based on the unpublished papers of Harry Paget Flashman of the British Army. Flashman claims he was in the battle of the Little Bighorn and even suggests that he may have shot Custer in the crossfire."

It is not unusual for a novelist to write his story so convincingly that it might be construed as historical fact. That is the case with *Flashman and the Redskins*, which is a work of fiction. It is one of a series of novels published by Knopf and the New American Library. Since the first number, *Flashman*, the following titles have appeared: *Flashman and the Dragon*, *Flashman and the Redskins*, *Flashman at the Charge*, *Flashman in the Great Game*, and *Flashman's Lady*.

"Ten Wives and Forty Children"

Noted Mormon William Adams Hickman is the subject of a question from Tim Mangham, 3950 Mack Road #103, Sacramento, California 95823. "I am one of the descendants of Hickman, and all of my life I have heard various tales about him. Could you present a short biographical sketch about him? Since he had about ten wives and forty children we are not an 'endangered species.'"

Hickman was born in 1815 in Kentucky, the eldest of thirteen children. His grandfather claimed that there had been twenty-one blood relatives in the Revolutionary War. When Hickman was still a child, his family moved to Missouri. By 1832 he had married Bernetta Burckhartt and was earning his living teaching school, farming, and raising stock.

By 1836 Hickman was attracted to Mormonism and left Missouri with the Mormons when they were expelled, going to Illinois. He soon became a bodyguard of Joseph Smith. With his marriage to Sarah Luce in January 1847, he began practicing polygamy.

Due to illness Hickman was unable to join Gen. S.W. Kearney's Army of the West on its campaign in Mexico. But fighting was to become a part of his nature. By the turn of the decade he had shot two Indians whom he suspected of stealing cattle. To preserve the peace, he was sent on to the Great Basin, where he married his third wife, Minerva Wade, in 1849.

Having arrived in Utah he was refellowshipped and fought Indians at Battle Creek in the spring of 1850. By then he had developed a reputation as a fighter against both Indians and white desperadoes.

Hickman soon got the gold fever and went to California for a short time. On his return to Mormon country, a fight with Jim Bridger only enhanced Hickman's reputation. He kept Bridger's contraband whiskey, ammunition, and cattle.

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A period of great respectability began in 1854 as Hickman was appointed a deputy U.S. marshal and received a license to practice law. Brigham Young later appointed him Green River County sheriff and collector and assessor. He also was elected to the territorial legislature.

Plural marriages proved to be to his liking, as by the end of 1856 he had seven wives and fifteen children. By the end of 1859 he had wife number ten. In all, thirty-four children were born to Hickman and his wives.

The Mormons had established a mail route between Salt Lake City and Independence, and Hickman was a mail carrier. The mail contract, however, was cancelled when President James Buchanan became convinced the Mormons were guilty of illegalities with the U.S. mail. Two thousand five hundred troops were sent to Utah to keep the "rebellious Mormons" under control. In 1858, Hickman and others moved to southern Utah in an effort to reduce the conflict with the United States.

On December 25, 1859, Hickman was nearly killed in a brawl with Lot Huntington in Salt Lake City. The two were both disfellowshipped for the incident. In 1868 he broke completely with the church.

In 1870 Hickman was arrested on an old murder charge. To raise money for his defense Hickman agreed to provide his life story to J.H. Beadle. He was promised $50,000 on publication. The title alone—*Brigham Young's Destroying Angel*—suggests the violence which had filled his life. Hickman was convicted of the murder but the verdict was later thrown out on grounds that the jury had been impanelled illegally. He was released May 1, 1872.

Hickman's largely undeserved reputation as a notorious killer and cold-blooded murderer was assured by the Beadle "biography." The last years of his life were spent farming, ranching, and selling land. He died August 21, 1883, at the age of sixty-eight years.

If you have a question, send it to Chuck Parsons, Western Publications, P.O. Box 2107, Stillwater, OK 74076. Please keep questions brief. Sign your full name and address, including zip code. Names and addresses will be published if question is used. Space limitations may not permit us to use all questions.

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Saving the Buffalo

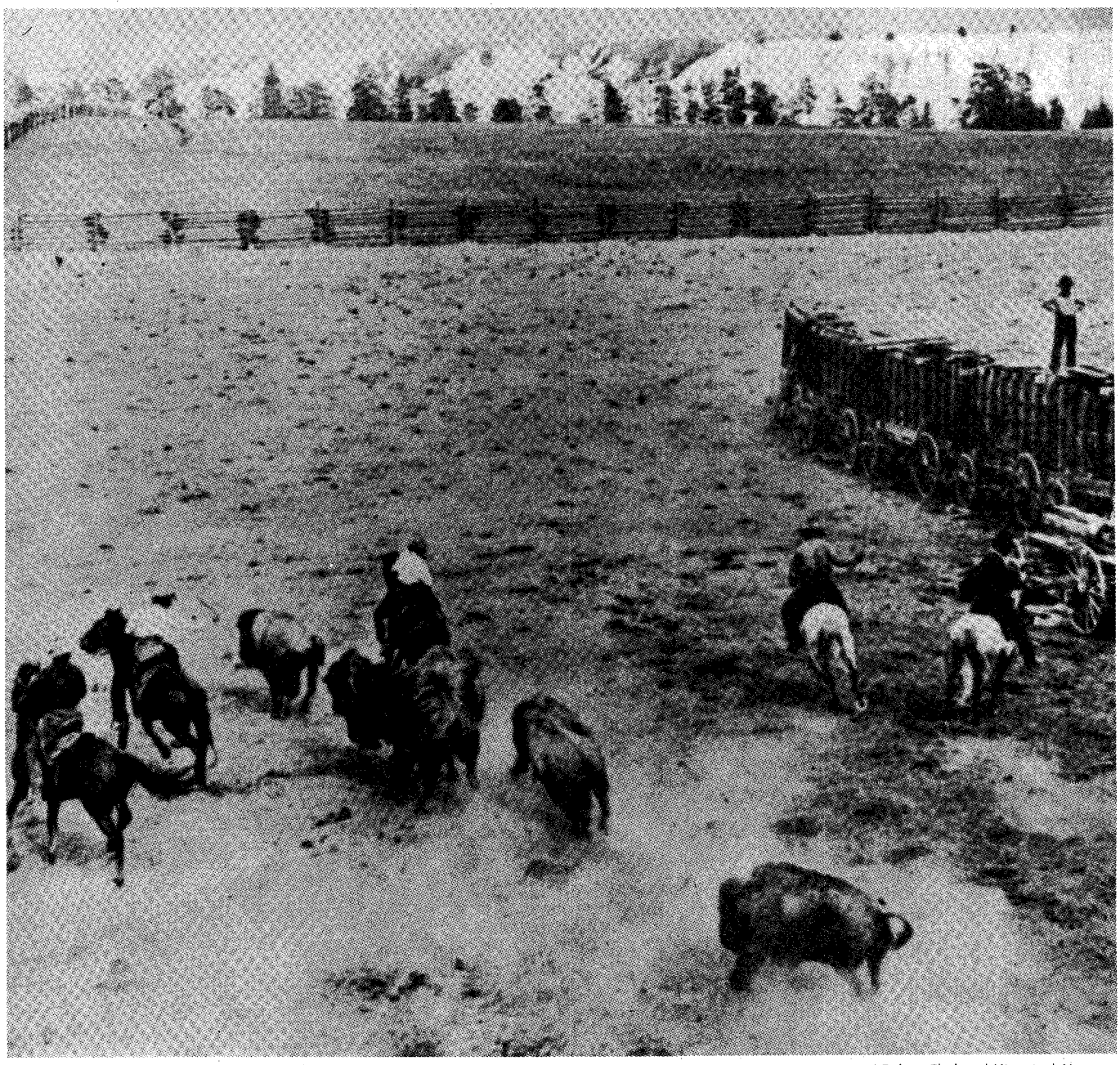
By PAUL FUGLEBERG

A sure way to spark a lively debate is to try to name the one person most responsible for saving the buffalo.

Expressing early concern over the impending demise of the bison were Plains artist George Catlin in 1832 and naturalist-artist James Audubon in 1843. Later came efforts by activists including William T. Hornaday, "Scotty" Philip, Charles J. "Buffalo" Jones, Maj. Gordon W. Lillie, Charles J. Goodnight, and others.

But Montanans feel the key event in bison preservation occurred in an unlikely place, the Flathead Indian Reservation in western Montana, where buffalo never before had roamed free. The central players were an unlikely trio—two pioneer ranchers and the Pend d'Oreille Indian from whom they purchased their seed herd of from ten to thirteen animals.

The ranchers were Charles Allard, Sr., and Michel Pablo. By the time of Allard's death in 1896, the herd had grown to about 300 head. These were



Polson-Flathead Historical Museum

Sometimes it was hard telling who was chasing whom as cowboys tried to steer bison into waiting two-animal wagons.

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divided between Pablo and the Allard estate. Allard's survivors sold off their shares, but Pablo kept his. When he decided to sell his buffalo in 1907, there were more than 700 head, the largest private herd in existence—not a bad return on the original investment for a dozen buffalo purchased in the early 1870s from Samuel Walking Coyote, the man who brought them to the Flathead in the first place.

Actually, Walking Coyote's motives were not altruistic. He was trying to save his own hide rather than the buffalo's; nonetheless the results were great. Exactly what he did and how he accomplished it is related in several widely differing versions, making it difficult to separate fact from folklore.

The U.S. Department of the Interior's explanation is that in 1872 or 1873 Walking Coyote brought four bison calves across the mountains to the Flathead Valley after capturing them on the Marias River. Eleven years later, he owned thirteen head and sold ten of them to Pablo and Allard for $250 each.

OTHER VERSIONS involve a Marias River trader, Charles Aubrey, who claimed to have suggested to Walking Coyote (known as Short Coyote to the Blackfeet), that he take some buffalo calves across the mountains and give them to the Jesuit priests as a peace offering to alleviate his punishment for a bigamous marriage. Plural marriages were acceptable among the Blackfeet but not to the Pend d'Oreilles, whose marriage customs reflected the monogamous principles of the Black Robes. Walking Coyote could expect arrest by a tribal soldier band and punishment by flogging.

Aubrey wrote a note to the priests on Walking Coyote's behalf, pointing out his sincerity, his character, and the fact that he no longer had a Blackfeet bride. She had returned to her people, unable to cope with constant harrassment by Walking Coyote's first wife. Aubrey claimed that Walking Coyote rounded up seven head of bison, trained them, and finally drove them across the mountains via Cadotte Pass to the Flathead Indian Reservation. At least that's the version cited by Larry Barsness in his 1985 book, *Hides, Heads and Horns: The Compleat Buffalo Book*.

In a 1982 book, *We Seized Our Rifles: Recollections of the Montana Frontier*, edited by Lee Stillman, Aubrey shed some light on Walking Coyote's background, but then added to the general confusion. He explained the difference in names—Walking Coyote and Short Coyote—and his second marriage, and told how Walking Coyote's first wife remained with him even after he had shot her in anguish. She helped him drive the bison westward to the Flathead Reservation.

Polson-Flathead Historical Museum

Special wagons were designed and built for Michel Pablo's bison roundup. They carried two buffalo at a time to the corrals at the Northern Pacific railway tracks in Ravalli.

Montanans feel the key event in bison preservation occurred in an unlikely place, the Flathead Indian Reservation in western Montana, where buffalo never before had roamed free. The central players were an unlikely trio—two pioneer ranchers and the Pend d'Oreille Indian from whom they purchased their seed herd.

Adding to the confusion, however, is Aubrey's recollection that when Walking Coyote returned to the reservation he was arrested by a tribal soldier band and punished by severe flogging for the bigamy. Apparently he never had time to give Aubrey's note requesting leniency to the fathers. Without mentioning what became of the buffalo, Aubrey added that he was told Walking Coyote eventually died peacefully in his lodge or cabin.

A December 21, 1931, clipping from an unidentified newspaper in the Montana Historical Society archives cites Duncan McDonald, son of the Hudson's Bay Post Creek trading post founder, as saying Walking Coyote had acquired a

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While it looks fairly peaceful here, trailing buffalo overland is not an easy task. Michel Pablo's riders earned their "$5 bucks

new bride and a fourteen-year-old stepson. McDonald claimed the family started out in November with six bison and that two died en route to the Flathead. He also said that the herd totaled ten animals when Walking Coyote sold them to Allard and Pablo and that they paid $1,000, which Walking Coyote blew on a three-day spree that led to his death beneath the Higgins Avenue Bridge in Missoula.

Yet another version of the story is given in an unbylined article in the November 1923 edition of the *Rocky Mountain Husbandman*. It refers to Walking Coyote as an old man with "a sharp tongue and a swift temper." The story claims his unnamed son-in-law took advantage of him in a horse trade and Walking Coyote banished him from camp. So intimidated was the son-in-law that he fled to Saskatchewan and became a buffalo hunter. Eventually he wanted to return to his wife and brought two buffalo calves as a peace offering which Walking Coyote accepted. The article says that thirteen bison were sold to Allard and Pablo, but does not mention the price or Walking Coyote's death.

Adding a little more detail was a January 9, 1933, article by Ellen Nye in the Jordan *Tribune*. She said Walking Coyote's home was a log hut at the junction of Mission Creek and the Flathead River. That was where Walking Coyote; his wife, Mary Sabine; and stepson, Joseph Ahtati, drove the bison and raised them. She also said that they started with six bison and two died on the trip.

Nye reported that Walking Coyote received $2,000 for thirteen bison and shortly afterward was found dead under the Higgins Avenue Bridge. She added that Mary Sabine died of smallpox and was buried in a sealed root cellar next to the family home.

Still another version of the Walking Coyote episode has him bringing four buffalo calves—two bulls, two heifers—as a peace offering for the killing of his first wife.

Some accounts don't acknowledge Walking Coyote at all. Kootenai Brown, a friend of Michel Pablo, wrote that the nucleus herd came from "the Sweetgrass Hills" and was given to a Roman Catholic priest. It was raised at a convent for Indian children, where the animals became "tame enough for the children to play with."

And Flathead Reservation resident Enos Michel Conkey is quoted as saying, "We do not know what you say about this Indian man [Running Coyote—a third name] you say brought in some buffalo calves. What we do know is that four calves were brought back with a buffalo hunting party by a fifteen-year-old boy named Hawk Blanket. The calves' mother had been killed and he did not like to see them left to starve or be killed by wolves." Conkey said later that Sam Wells, the boy's father, claimed the calves, and raised buffalo until he had fifty head, which he sold to Pablo and Allard.

"We do not know what you say about this Indian man you say brought in some buffalo calves. What we do know is that four calves were brought back with a buffalo hunting party by a fifteen-year-old boy named Hawk Blanket. The calves' mother had been killed and he did not like to see them left to starve."

And a report by Maj. Peter Ronan, a prominent Indian agent on the Flathead Reservation, revealed that in 1878 he suggested to the Indians that they drive some buffalo over the mountains. They drove two cows and a bull from near Fort Shaw through Cadotte Pass. The three buffalo had increased to twenty-

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Polson-Flathead Historical Museum

a day and beans."

seven and were owned by two cattlemen. He also stated that he had suggested that the U.S. buy the herd and propagate the buffalo to feed the reservation.

The consensus, however, leans toward Samuel Walking Coyote's involvement, whatever his reasons and whatever the number of animals. His sale of about a dozen buffalo to Allard and Pablo was good for the future of the bison, but tragic for him.

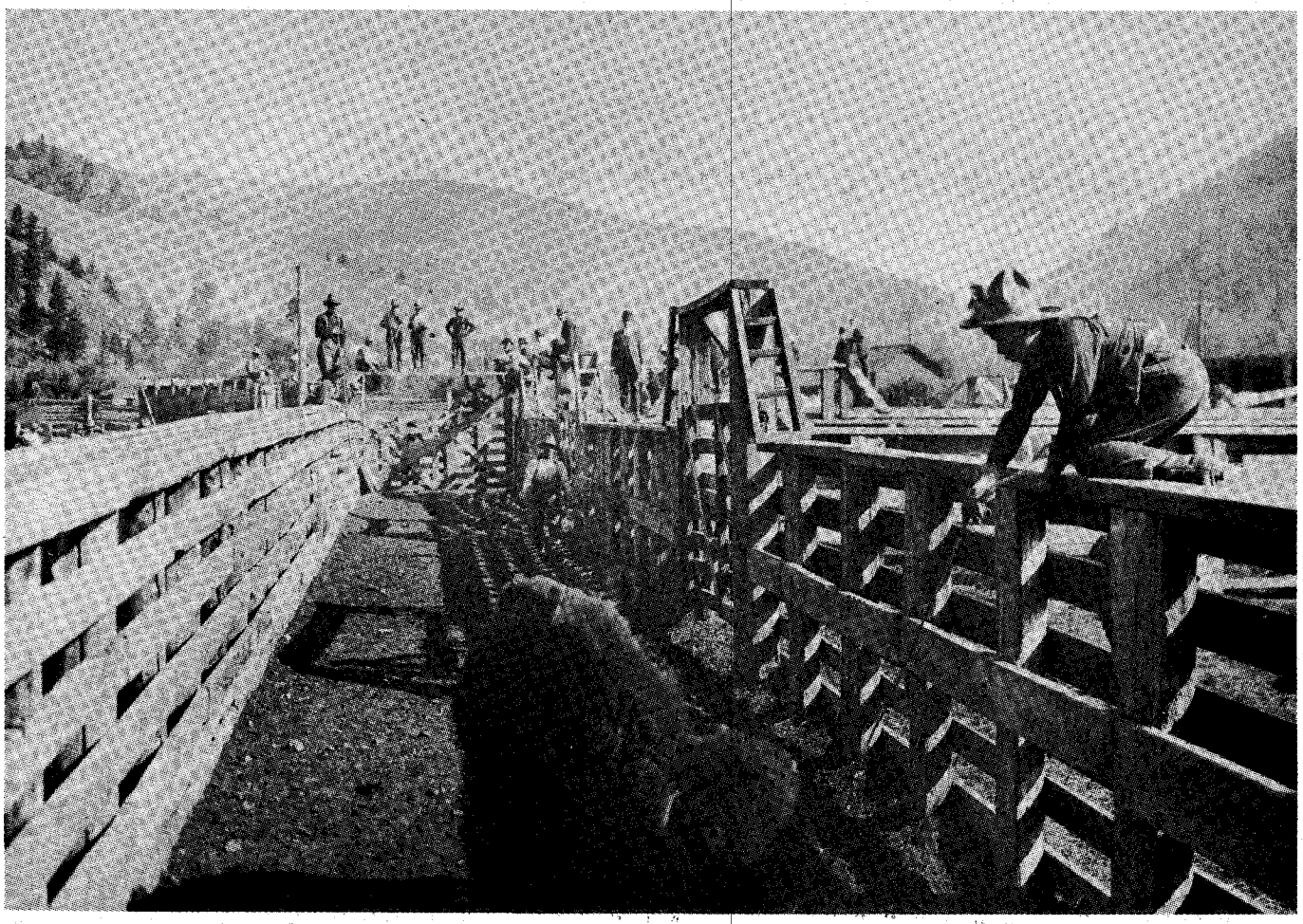
At any rate, both Allard and Pablo were enthusiastic about the future market for buffalo as the national bison population continued to be decimated. Allard once commented, "buffalo breeding is as good an investment as real estate," and Pablo envisioned selling bison to parks, zoos, and elsewhere.

In 1893, Allard and Pablo bought the remnant of the C.R. "Buffalo" Jones herd at Omaha—twenty-six purebred bison and eighteen hybrids (catalo). That gave them thirty-six thoroughbreds from which the herd was built.

According to *The Last of the Buffalo*, published in 1909 by Tom Jones, publisher of Scenic Souvenirs, C.R. Jones and his animals arrived in Butte on a Sunday afternoon. Allard did not have enough cash to close the deal, so he looked up Joseph A. Clark, brother of U.S. Senator W.A. Clark, the millionaire copper mine owner. In pre-mining days Joseph Clark had worked as a cook on the Allard ranch and W.A. Clark had delivered mail there. The mining magnate recognized Allard immediately and loaned him enough to pay Jones.

The catalo were never allowed to mix with the purebred bison and were kept on Wild Horse Island in Flathead Lake. But they were just wild enough that they would swim to the mainland and proved to be more trouble than they were worth. Eventually, the hybrids were sold back to Jones, who used them to establish an Arizona catalo herd.

Allard died in 1896 and the herd was divided among his survivors and Pablo. The Allard family sold their animals. Mrs. Allard sold her share to Charles Conrad, a Kalispell, Montana, merchant



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A reluctant bison is urged through a specially built corral at Ravalli, Montana, during the roundup of the Pablo bison herd. Note the man on the ground at a discrete distance behind the buffalo.

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and community developer; Howard Eaton bought those of the Allard sisters and their brother Charles; and Judge Woodrow of Missoula purchased those owned by Joseph Allard, later turning them over to the 101 Ranch.

Pablo's buffalo flourished but the herd's days were numbered. In 1906 the U.S. government made plans to open the Flathead Reservation to homesteading by 1910. Recognizing that buffalo raising and homesteading were incompatible, Pablo decided to sell his herd. He hoped to sell them to the government, but Uncle Sam was not interested.

Because the animals roamed over such a large area, Pablo was not sure how many bison he actually owned. It turned out to be about 700 head, which were sold to the Canadian government for $200,000.

The Pablo buffalo roundup is a classic chapter in western Montana history. Heavy duty chutes and twenty-four-inch timber corrals were built in the railroad yards at Ravalli in 1906–1907, and planning for western Montana's "Great Buffalo Roundup" began. The animals were much harder to handle than Pablo had expected. They are tough critters—balky, bulky, and belligerent, amazingly fast, agile, and sure-footed. They can turn sharply and climb hills with confidence. The roundup lasted much longer than the few months anticipated. Fewer than one hundred bison were rounded up in 1907; the last seven were shipped to Canada in 1912.

Because of the poor results early in the roundup, a discouraged Pablo turned over the strategy to Charles Allard, Jr.

A twenty-six-mile-long fence was constructed from the pastures to the Ravalli shipping point. Log booms were placed in the Flathead River (then called the Pend d'Oreille), to prevent the bison from swimming away. Wing corrals were built within the fence. Some seventy-five top riders were hired for five dollars a day and beans.

Author's Photo

Michel Pablo keeps an eye on bison roundup activities. The town of Pablo, Montana, was named for this pioneer rancher.

THE ROUNDUP was tough on horses and men. The bison were herded into the wing corrals and loaded onto custom-built tandem wagons holding two animals apiece. They were hauled to Ravalli, three wagons and six buffalo at a time.

Transferring the bison from the wagons to the railcars was another challenge. The cows were lured up the loading chute into the cars by moving their calves ahead of them. But the bulls refused to run up the chute.

Each bull was lassoed and literally dragged up the incline and into the car—at the rate of sixteen animals a day. Horse teams replaced manpower, and the loading rate was speeded up; however, the animals were so cantankerous that sometimes only eight bison could be forced into a car. The impact from the bumping, kicking animals once dislodged helpers from the top of a car. Another time, a hard bump suddenly pitched three fence sitters into the corral with the milling animals. They extricated themselves with equal suddenness.

In 1908, 26 rail cars containing some 215 buffalo left Ravalli for Lamont, Alberta. The train stopped in Helena for several hours to repair cars damaged by the bison. It took two days to unload the cargo, and the animals later were transferred to the Wainwright Preserve east of Edmonton. Three months later 180 more bison were shipped north.

In 1909 Montana's cowboy artist, Charles M. Russell, came over from Great Falls to sketch the goings-on and to join the riders. There was plenty of action to catch. Johnny Decker's horse was knocked down by a bull and gored

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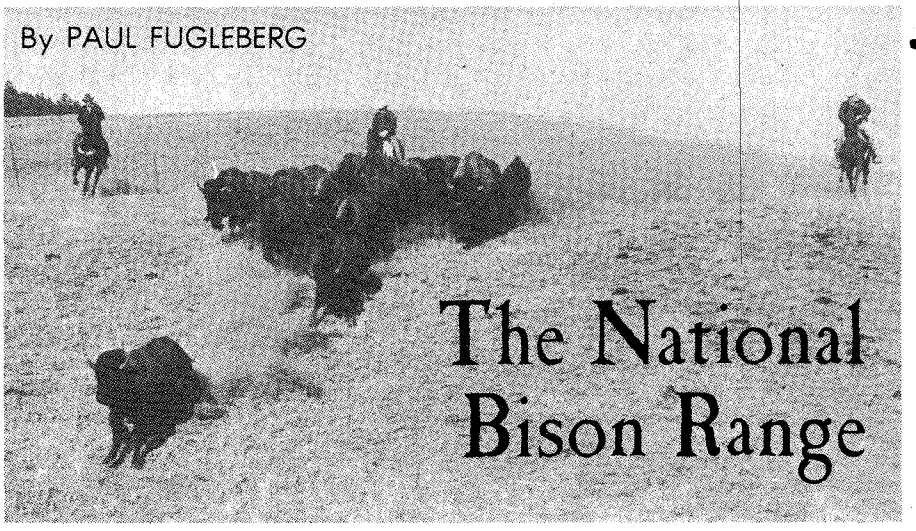
By PAUL FUGLEBERG



The National Bison Range

Author's Photo

Riders cut out a small bunch of bison from the large herd and drive the critters at breakneck speed down the hill and into holding pens during roundup at the National Bison Range in western Montana. The annual event takes place the first week in October.

Part of the area on which the Allard-Pablo herds grazed in western Montana is occupied today by the 18,541-acre National Bison Range, managed by the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service. The range is home to between 350 and 450 buffalo, depending on range conditions and the season of the year. The bison story is told in literature, films, pictorial displays, and other exhibits in a new visitor center which also houses the refuge's headquarters.

Center exhibits include a huge buffalo prepared by former Smithsonian taxidermist Neil Deaton and two dioramas constructed by the Smithsonian's Dan Rhymer, depicting summer and winter life on the range. A computerized game invites viewers to solve range management problems. In a small theater, visitors view a video presentation of the history and purpose of the National Bison Range.

More than a hundred thousand people a year now enjoy the real highlight of a Bison Range visit—an adventurous nineteen-mile Red Sleep Mountain self-guided drive over a dusty, unpaved, and occasionally very steep road. Visitors' vehicles often are surrounded by a wandering, grazing bison herd.

From mid-May to late October the tour road gates open at 6:30 a.m. and close two hours before dark.

Shorter tours include the ten-mile winter drive, open when the longer tour is closed, and the three-mile Buffalo Prairie drive around exhibition pastures. Each tour begins from the visitor center. The shorter routes are open during the winter when high country snow closes the Red Sleep Mountain road.

During the first week in October, visitors can witness an old-style buffalo roundup, complete with choking clouds of dust, thundering hooves, and the yips of cowboys on horseback, sometimes racing at breakneck speeds, herding the bison into specially built corrals for vaccinating, sorting for sale or slaughter, or to return to the range for another year.

Photographers and news media representatives from around the world show up to record the sights and sounds unique to a buffalo roundup.

The National Bison Range was established in 1908 at the urging of President Theodore Roosevelt and the American Bison Society, which contributed $10,560 of public donations to stock the range initially.

Descendants of the original Allard-Pablo herd finally made it to the Bison Range when thirty-four head were purchased from the Charles Conrad estate in Kalispell. Among Conrad bison purchased were Frizzle Top, a herd mother, and the Conrads' largest, most powerful bull, Kalispell Chief. Seven more buffalo were donated to the Bison Range—two from Montana, two from Texas, and three from New Hampshire.

The easiest way to reach the Bison Range is to follow US 93 to the junction of Highway 212, five miles south of Ronan, and follow Highway 212 for fourteen miles to the range headquarters. Another way is to turn off US 93 at Ravalli onto Montana 200; go to Dixon, turn right on Highway 212, and go north to Moiese.

A two-dollar per car admission fee is charged during June, July, and August. Golden Eagle passes and the Federal Duck Stamp are also accepted for admission. To schedule special tours or for more information, write National Bison Range, Moiese, Montana 59824, or call (406) 644-2211.

Author's Photo

Today, motorists taking the self-guided, nineteen-mile tour on the National Bison Range can find themselves close to grazing buffalo.

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with Decker pinned underneath. Despite being shot a dozen times, the bull finally jumped over the downed horse and rider, broke through the corral, and escaped.

Another bull carried Decker and a different horse some 300 yards on his horns before stumbling and dropping his passengers. At least one photographer covering the activities was treed by charging bison. And Norman Luxton, who took the best-known roundup photos, had his camera smashed when a pony rolled onto it.

In all of 1910, Pablo shipped only sixty-eight buffalo as blinding, choking smoke from Pacific Northwest forest fires curtailed roundup activities.

A 1976 book, *Where Buffalo Roamed*, by Velma R. Kvale and edited by Margaret Sterling Brooke, gives a glimpse of Charlie Russell who stayed in Addison Sterling's hotel in Ronan Springs, along with Canadian government representatives.

Russell would lean back till his captain's chair rested on two legs and drawl a story while molding clay into some model to illustrate the tale. At the proper time, he would display his clay subject on a toothpick for all to see. After they had seen it, he would crush it in his hands and start another story and another object.

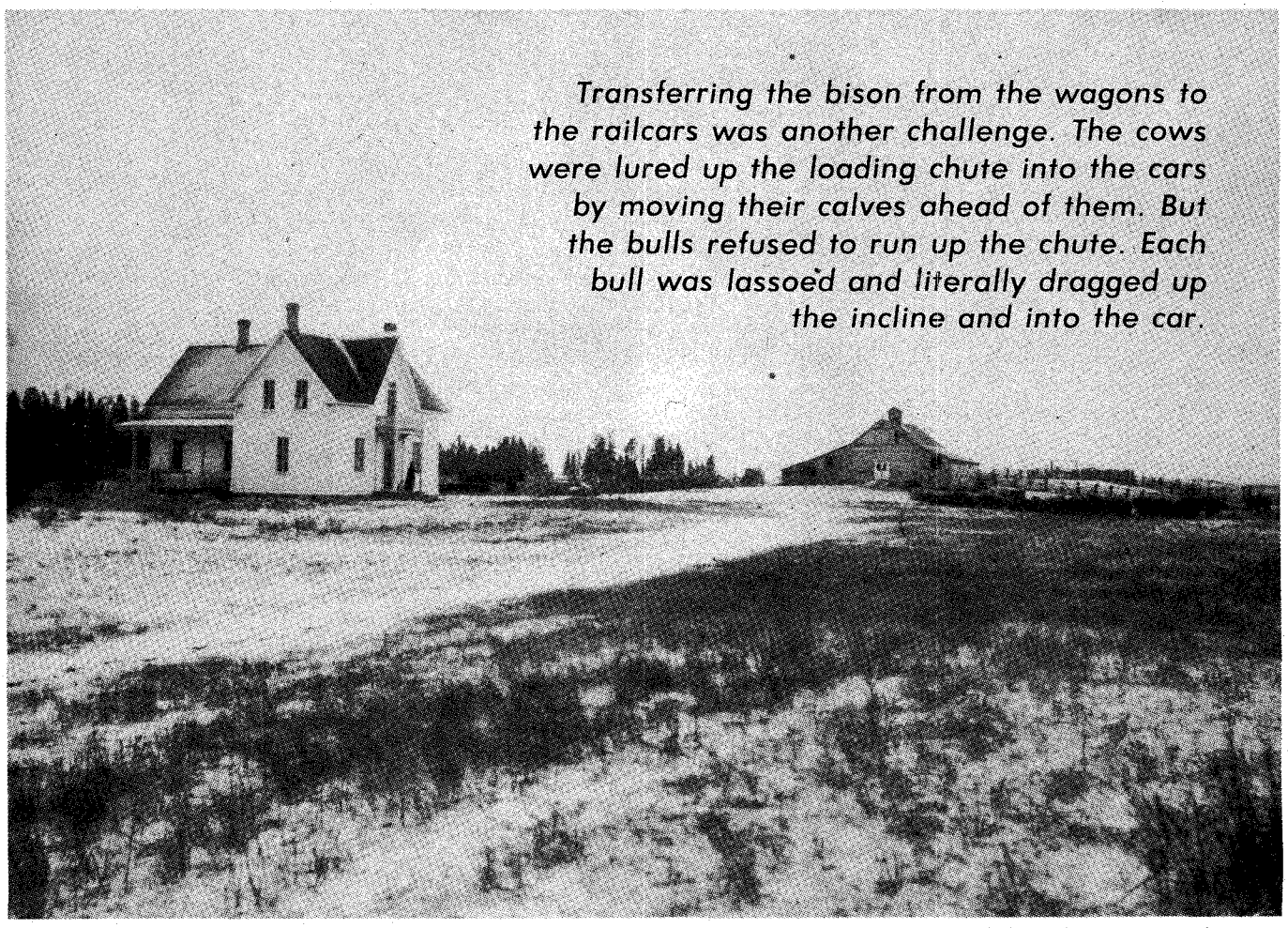
Among the roundup riders whose names survived through the years were Addison Sterling, Charlie Russell, Art Ray, Jim Grinder, Billy Young, Johnny Decker, Alex Pablo, George and Walter Sloan, John McDonald, D.D. Hull, Alex Ayotte, Charles Mulman, Charles Allard, Jr., Joe Allard, Bert Ethell, Ed Dubay, Nazarre Courville, Alf Clairmont, Basile Finley, Joe Houle, Irvin Morigeau, Joe Grenier, Alex Ashley, Marcel Michell, Joe McDonald, Jim Michell, Luizo Ashley, Don Michell, Michel Pablo, Dan McLeod, Callie Billigs, Joe Marion, Marion Deschamps, and Joe Roullier.

With the roundup officially completed, it would be even longer before the herd's final remnants—the wiliest of the wild—were captured.

Homesteaders complained about encounters with survivors of the Great Buffalo Roundup. Mrs. Josephine Gordon of Polson, Montana, recalls an encounter with a stray buffalo. A native of Ord, Nebraska, Mrs. Gordon came to the Flathead Reservation in 1912, two years after its opening and filed on a forty-acre allotment near Pablo reservoir. One day she went out to get her milk cow and found her grazing with a buffalo.

As Mrs. Gordon approached the animals, a neighbor "came pounding up on his horse. He was scared for me. He asked, 'Don't you know that buffalo could have gored you to death?' I guess I didn't have enough sense to be scared. The buffalo didn't pay any attention to me and I drove the cow home."

And there were still buffalo out on Irvine Flats, west of Polson, during the homestead era. Hilda Reksten, 100-year-old resident of Polson's St. Joseph Convalescent Center, recalled going to fetch a couple pails of water from a neighbor's spring. "Many a time I was chased up that hill by the buffalo because they were around the springs in summer. I used to be so careful. I tried to look



Transferring the bison from the wagons to the railcars was another challenge. The cows were lured up the loading chute into the cars by moving their calves ahead of them. But the bulls refused to run up the chute. Each bull was lassoed and literally dragged up the incline and into the car.

Mansfield Library Photo, University of Montana

The Charles Allard, Sr., ranch lies in the middle of what is now Lake County, Montana.

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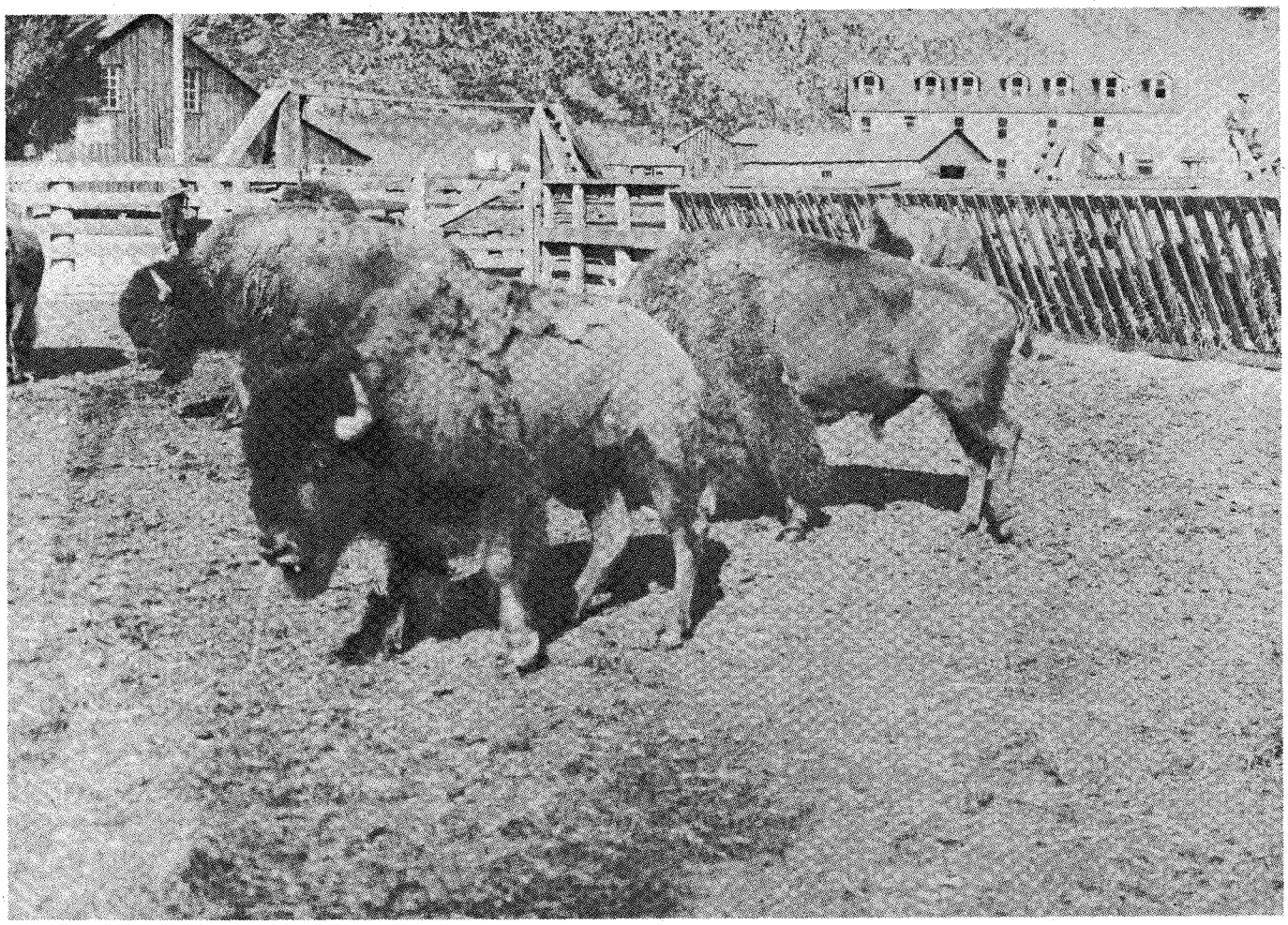

Mansfield Library Photo, University of Montana

Animals mill in a specially built buffalo corral-chute complex. Constructed along railroad tracks in the middle of the town of Ravalli, it was used for the roundup of Michel Pablo's buffalo herd in the early 1900s.

and see that there weren't any around, then I'd sneak down and fill my pails. You couldn't hear buffalo, you know, unless they were a herd. One time I had thought there weren't any around and I'd be OK.

"I was walking up the hill, a bucket of water in each hand, when something grabbed me on each side of the middle of my back and pushed me right up the hill. I dropped the buckets and the water went flying, and the pails bumped down the hill.

"It was lucky because that scared the buffalo and I took off. It wasn't too far to the house and in those days I could really run."

West of Irvine Flats is Garcon Gulch, where the Martin Bjorge family homesteaded. Two sons—Morris and Martin Bjorge—still live on acreage which includes the original homestead.

Morris Bjorge said that the animals would tear down fences and drink water meant for the cattle. He recalled, "The bison would hang around with the milk cows so I couldn't get the cows home for milking. One day, they stayed around the schoolhouse and we couldn't get home until dark. Sometimes we'd meet them on the road and we would have to detour to get home."

As late as 1917 on the west shore of Flathead Lake, Mildred Elliott of Dillon and Hazel Bennett of Missoula were charged by a buffalo. Elliott's arm was bruised and Bennett's ankle was sprained before the animal was frightened off by an approaching automobile.

The story of the Allard and Pablo buffalo herd is not without its ironic notes. Many of the descendants of the Pablo herd once faced slaughter from an unexpected source, the Canadian government. In late 1936 it was deemed necessary to thin the 6,000-animal herd in Wainwright National Park in Alberta. According to the United Press, 1,500 buffalo fell to Samuel Purchell, assistant game warden in the park. The wire service reported, "An average of sixty buffalo per day fall before the fire of Purchell's .32 calibre rifle. Fourteen men butcher the animal after the kill. 'It's pretty much of a slaughter,' Purchell admits, 'but the old-time buffalo hunts were pretty much of a slaughter, too.'"

It is equally ironic that after Pablo failed to interest it in purchasing his bison, the United States government had second thoughts and in 1908 established the National Bison Range. Part of the range borders Ravalli, the town from which Pablo shipped his buffalo. While too late to acquire Pablo bison directly, the Bison Range did obtain descendants from the original Allard-Pablo herd.

Times haven't changed much. Controversy still prevails over government-sanctioned shooting of bison when buffalo stray from the confines of Yellowstone National Park onto privately owned adjacent lands during winter.

While it may be hard for historians to sift the accurate story of Walking Coyote's efforts, methods, and motives, the consensus is that his few animals—plus Allard's and Pablo's foresight—played a significant role in saving the buffalo.

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Count THE FRA

Texas State Historical Association, Austin, Texas

Alphonse Dubois de Saligny arrived in the Republic of Texas as the new French chargé d'affaires, but he had more than international diplomacy in mind.

Saligny arrived in Galveston in January 1839, and traveled on to the capital at Houston City. As a pompous, pretentious, yet ambitious dandy, accustomed to the amenities of diplomatic society, he was appalled by the primitive conditions and by the frontier ruffians he met. Yet, he could see great opportunities.

By FIELD ROEBUCK

The Franco-Texas Pig War erupted on a cold day in February of 1841 when a dozen voracious pigs belonging to innkeeper Richard Bullock crashed through the back fence of the French Legation in Austin, capital city of the Republic of Texas. After devouring the horse feed in the corn crib, the pigs scurried into the house to chew on official papers and fine, imported linens.

This porcine raid quickly escalated into an international incident. A furious Comte Dubois de Saligny, the French chargé d'affaires, ordered a servant to shoot the offending swine.

Innkeeper Bullock soon arrived on the scene. Outraged by the carnage, he unmercifully thrashed the hapless servant, and then laid hands on the chargé himself. Fortunately, a crowd of curious citizens quickly arrived and prevented further bloodshed.

Count Saligny cried out for justice. Bullock's despicable assault on the official representative of the French government was an affront to the honor of France. Stalking angrily into the office of the secretary of state, he demanded that the innkeeper be summarily punished. When the secretary refused his demand, Saligny broke off diplomatic relations, retired to New Orleans, and dispatched a scathing denunciation of Texas and Texians to his brother-in-law, the French minister of finance.

For several months, commissioners of the Republic of Texas had been negotiating with the French government for a loan of five million dollars, money badly needed to shore up the failing finances of the young nation. But, after reading Saligny's letter, the finance minister denied the loan, thereby leaving Texas adrift in a sea of red ink until rescued by Washington four years later. On February 19, 1846, the Republic of Texas ceased to exist as a free and sovereign nation and became the twenty-eighth state of the United States of America.

Had the Pig War not occurred, or if the secretary of state had sided with Count Saligny and ordered Bullock whipped on the public square, France would have approved the loan—and there would still be a Republic of Texas. At least, that is the popular folklore.

There is considerable truth in this story of the Franco-Texas "Pig War." But, as is often the case with history, the whole truth is more complex. It took more than a band of marauding pigs to bring down the republic.

THE REPUBLIC of Texas was born at the Battle of San Jacinto on April 21, 1836, when Gen. Sam Houston and his small, ragtag militia launched a surprise attack on the army of Mexican general Antonio López de Santa Anna. Under its first two presidents, David Burnet and Sam Houston, the newborn nation drifted almost aimlessly, its attention

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Dubois de Saligny and NCO-Texas Pig War

directed mostly toward recurring threats from the Mexican armies south of the Rio Grande.

When Mirabeau B. Lamar assumed the presidency on December 10, 1838, he set out to build a solid republic, well-educated, free of marauding Indians, and with sound finances. At the time, there was a public debt of almost $1.9 million. Treasury notes amounting to $700,000 were in circulation, while annual revenues were only $260,000.

Casting about for a solution, President Lamar nominated Gen. James Hamilton of South Carolina as commissioner of loans. Two days later, Hamilton was confirmed by the Texas senate and, by special resolution, was made a citizen of the republic. In June 1839, General Hamilton and Albert T. Burnley were dispatched to Europe to obtain a loan of $5 million.

For some time, J. Pinckney Henderson, commissioner to England and France, had been negotiating for formal recognition of the new republic. From the first, France had refused to issue such a statement. Instead, gazing greedily at the burgeoning Texas market and coveting commercial relations with Mexico, the French insisted on signing a treaty of commerce, which would carry with it a recognition of Texas' independence. Henderson finally yielded, and Louis Philippe, king of France, signed the treaty on October 2, 1839. It was ratified by the Texas senate the following January.

This commercial treaty was clearly one-sided. French wines were to enter Texas duty-free, and brandies and silks were subject to half the normal duty. Texas cotton, the republic's only substantial export, received only a nominal

Austin History Center, Austin Public Library, Photo #C00393

Dubois de Saligny first took up residence at the Bullock Hotel, the white, two-story, frame building with columns in the left foreground at the northwest corner of Pecan Street and Congress Avenue. (The capitol building at the end of Congress Avenue burned November 9, 1881.)

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reduction in duties at French ports of entry. As a *quid pro quo,* Marshall Soult, the French prime minister, informed Henderson and Hamilton that he would look favorably on a substantial loan to the young Republic.

Early during the treaty negotiations, Comte Dubois de Saligny was sent on a secret mission to Texas from the French ministry in Washington, where he was one of the secretaries to the minister. His assignment was to nose around for a while, determine if this was in truth a free and independent nation, and report his findings to Paris.

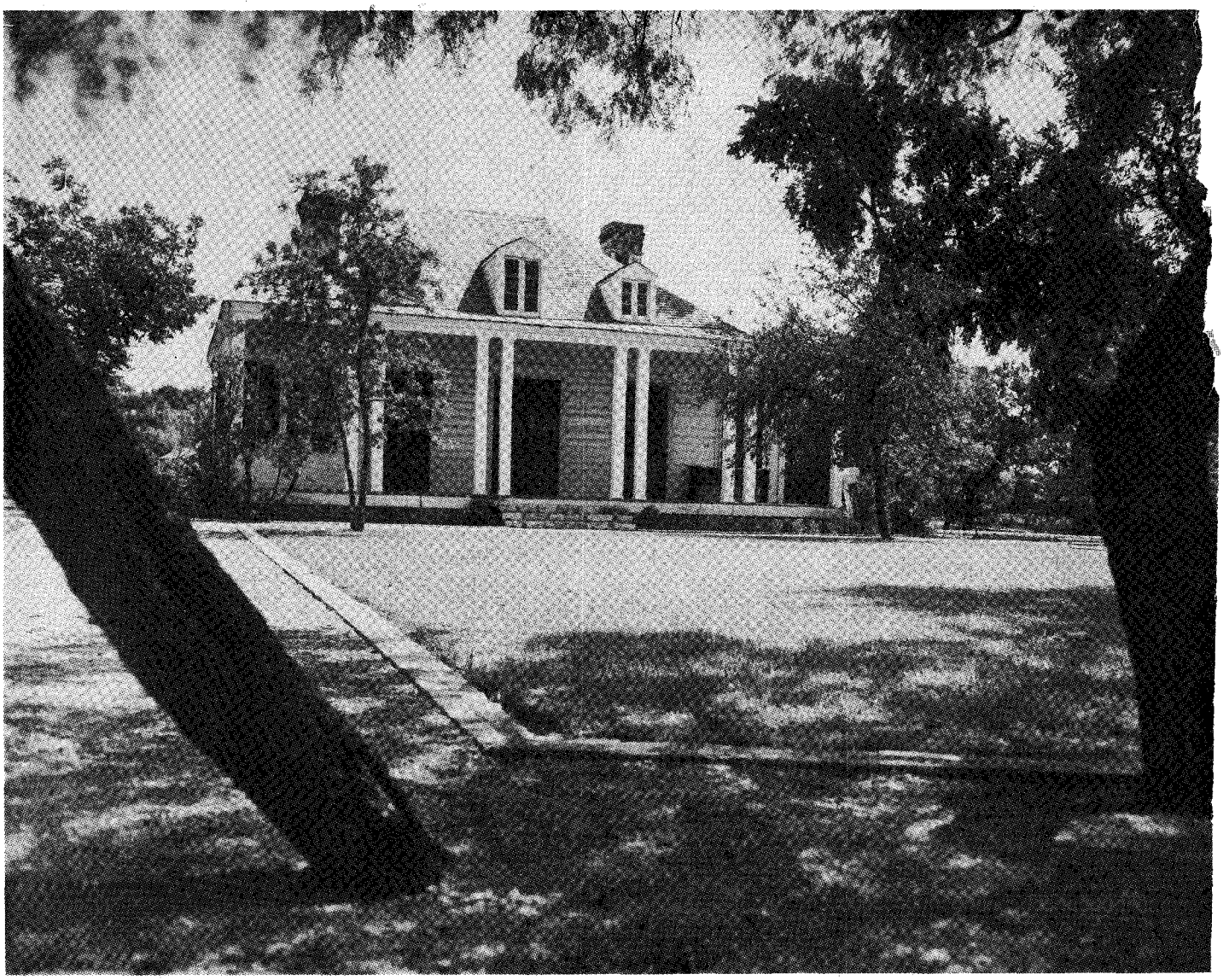
Saligny arrived in Galveston in January 1839, and traveled on to the capital at Houston City. As a pompous, pretentious, yet ambitious little dandy, accustomed to the amenities of diplomatic society, he was appalled and disgusted by the primitive conditions and by the frontier ruffians he met. Yet, he could see great opportunities, both for French commercial interests and for his own career.

He was well aware that, to have any expectation of moving up in the French foreign service, it was necessary to make the breakthrough from lowly secretary to chargé d'affaires. An assignment to even an insignificant legation in a raw and savage land could be worth a great deal to an ambitious young diplomat.

Not surprisingly, Saligny wrote a glowing and favorable report to his superiors. His positive recommendation strongly influenced the consummation of the commercial treaty. To his delight and satisfaction, the Comte Dubois de Saligny was appointed chargé d'affaires to Texas in October 1839.

In reality, however, Saligny was no count. In fact, among the rough and rowdy segment of the Texas population, he soon came to be known as the "No-Count of Saligny." Jean Peter Isidore Alphonse Dubois was born to Jean Baptiste Isidore Dubois, a respectable tax collector, and Marie Louise Rose Bertrand in Caen, Normandy, in April 1809. As his reward for participating in the fighting that put Louis Philippe on the throne, he was given a job in the French foreign service. Somewhere along the way, he assumed the title of *comte.* No one seems to know where the "de Saligny" came from.

He was accorded the title in Texas—but not in France. The French foreign minister conceded to him the "de Saligny" but was firm in addressing him as "M. Dubois de Saligny," deleting any reference to *comte* whenever it appeared.



Austin History Center, Austin Public Library, Photo #C00722

The Count Dubois de Saligny built a sumptuous French legation in the new Texas capital of Austin, using timbers from nearby Bastrop but with doors, windows, and hardware imported from France.

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The story that the finance minister was his brother-in-law also was a fabrication, probably invented by Saligny himself. It appeared for the first time on September 1, 1841, in the Austin *City Gazette* and has been repeated many times since. But modern research has established that no relationship, either by blood or marriage, ever existed between the two families.

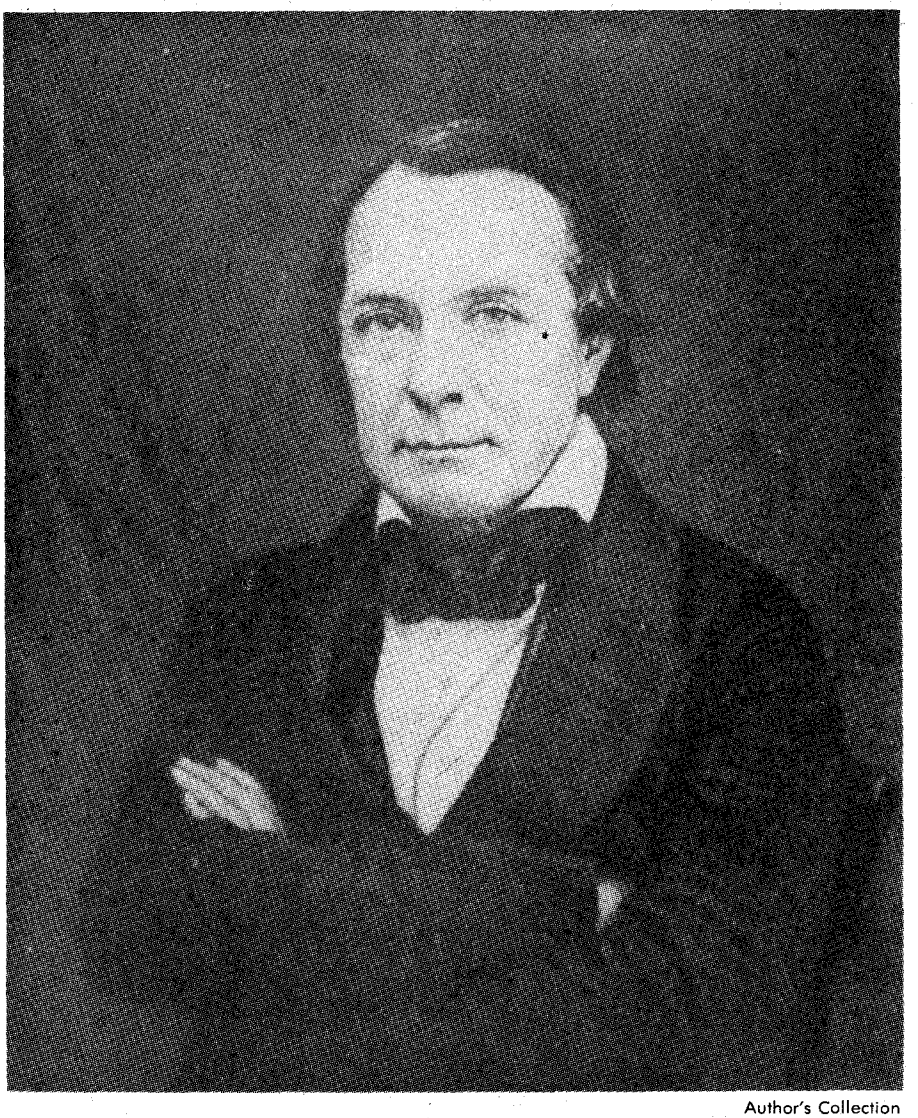
WHEN HE arrived in Houston City on January 26, 1840, to assume his official duties, Saligny found—to his dismay—that the capital had been moved to a primitive village on the northwestern frontier. A commission appointed by President Lamar, the avowed political enemy of Gen. Sam Houston, had proposed that the capital be moved to the small town of Waterloo, at the river crossing just below where the Colorado River slices through the Balcones Escarpment. Only seven days before the new chargé arrived in Houston, Congress had approved the move and had renamed the new capital city in honor of Stephen F. Austin, the Father of Texas.

The chargé d'affaires took up temporary residence in the new capital at the two-story Bullock Hotel on the northwest corner of Pecan Street (present-day Sixth Street) and Congress Avenue.

The city of Austin held a land sale on February 5, 1840. Dr. Anson Jones (who was destined to become the last President of the Republic of Texas) purchased a tract of slightly more than twenty-one acres at the corner of Hickory (president-day Eighth Street) and San Marcos streets for the sum of $500. Seven months later, he sold the land for twice his purchase price to the French chargé d'affaires.

Saligny intended to build an embassy befitting French nobility. But while the house was still under construction, he sold the property to Bishop John Mary Odin of San Antonio for a price of $6,500. The deed obligated Saligny to complete the house, which was being built with timbers from nearby Bastrop and with doors, windows, and hardware imported from France. At his own expense, Saligny was required to build a detached kitchen, a stable for at least four horses, a decorative wall or fence at the front of the property, and a more ordinary fence at the rear. It was agreed that he could occupy the property until April 1, 1842.

It might seem odd that Saligny would dispose of the first official residence of the chargé d'affairs so quickly, but he had a grander plan in mind. Almost immediately, he began a campaign designed to further French interests *and* his own, both in Texas and in the northern provinces of Mexico.



Author's Collection

Mirabeau Buonaparte Lamar became the second regular president of Texas on December 10, 1838, and immediately set out to build a solid republic, well-educated, free of marauding Indians, and with sound finances.

With two Parisian entrepreneurs as his partners, Saligny drafted an act he hoped would be approved by the new Fifth Congress in the fall of 1840. Titled the Franco-Texienne Bill, this bold and imaginative piece of legislation would grant to a French corporation the title to three million acres of land scattered over the western portion of the republic, much of it near the Mexican border.

The colonizing company, with Saligny as a principal stockholder, would locate at least eight thousand French settlers on the land by January of 1849. As an inducement for immigration, the colonists would be permitted to import anything they chose, duty-free for twenty years, and their land would be free of taxation until 1848. In return, the French company was obligated to establish a line of twenty forts along the frontier from the Rio Grande to the Red River, maintaining them at its own cost for twenty years. To meet expenses, the owners of the company would have the privilege of working any mines within the ceded area during the twenty-year period, paying fifteen percent of the proceeds to the Texas treasury. Exclusive rights to the trade with northern Mexico would be theirs, and no other settlers or companies could obtain land within the area during the life of the contract.

This bill would have been a boon for France. Located as it was between the United States and Mexico, two high-tariff nations, Texas would serve as a conduit for French goods, which could be imported cheaply and then sold directly to the frontier towns of northern Mexico. A monopoly on this trade and on all mining in the region would have been a financial coup, indeed.

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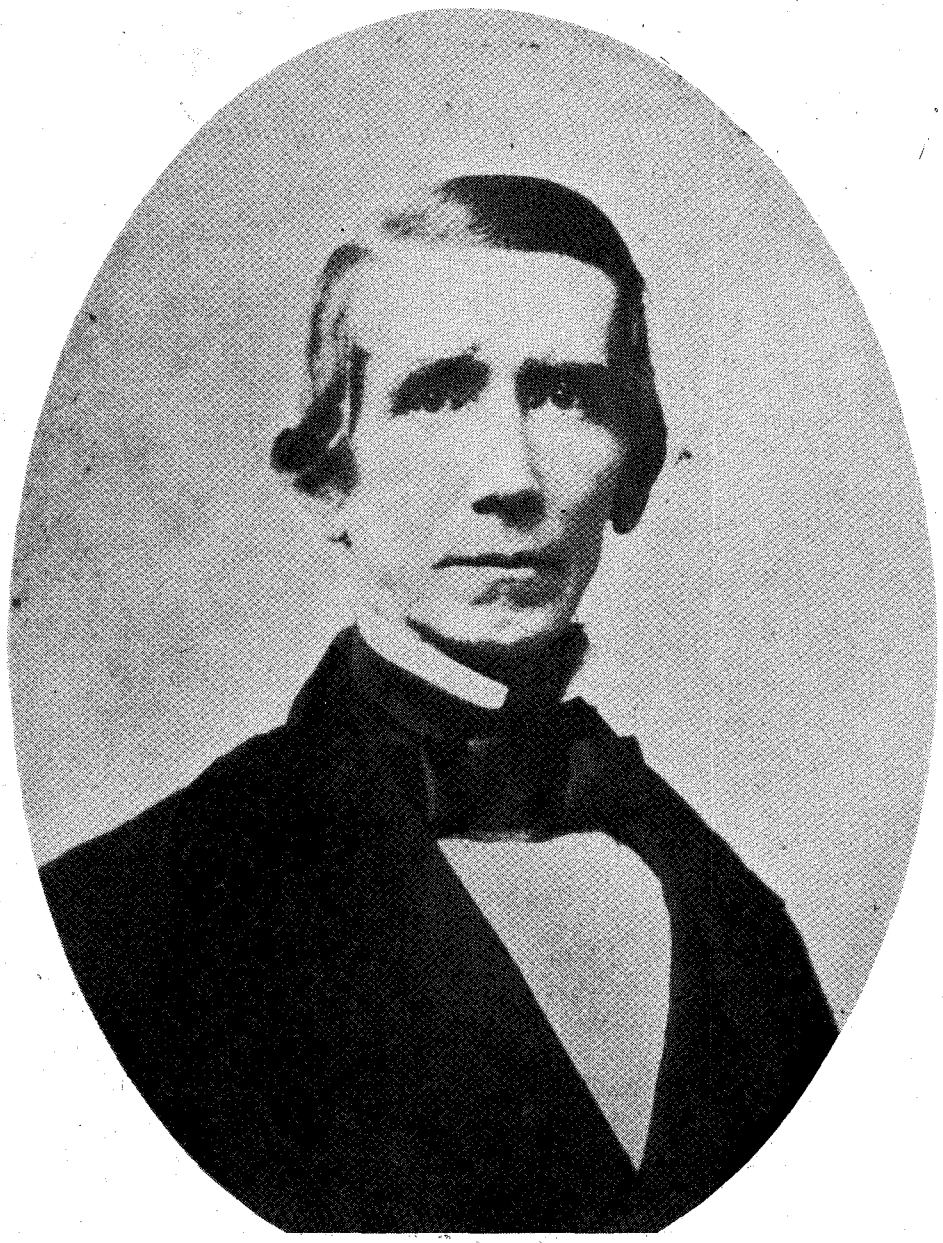

Barker Texas History Center, University of Texas, Austin

James Pinckney Henderson, Texas commissioner to France, negotiated a treaty of commerce that carried with it French recognition of the new republic.

Also, there were the twenty forts, manned by up to eight thousand Frenchmen, with the right to vote as Texas citizens. It is no wonder that a Paris newspaper would write, "Texas will become, so to speak, an independent French colony, appertaining to herself alone and costing us nothing."

In normal times, such a proposal would have received short shrift from the politicians in Austin. But these were not normal times, and Saligny was an artful manipulator, not above exerting his considerable influence and even capable of offering a few bribes.

A line of twenty forts along the wild frontier was an attractive idea to many Texians, constantly harassed by Indians and worried by persistent rumors of invasion from Mexico. Too, the factions of General Houston and President Lamar were engaged in a bitter political war. Either side would commit to anything that would embarrass the other, no matter the consequences to Texas.

Saligny was quick to capitalize on the situation. He cultivated the friendship of Gen. Sam Houston, James Mayfield, Dr. Anson Jones, and other prominent politicians. They dined regularly at the new French legation, where they were served dishes prepared by the imported French chef, smoked fine cigars, and sipped expensive French wines and brandy. The conversation inevitably turned to the proposed Franco-Texienne Bill, and Saligny constantly reminded his guests of how much easier it would be to secure the $5 million loan if the bill were passed into law.

His propaganda campaign was successful, and Saligny nodded approvingly from the visitors' seats as James Mayfield introduced the Franco-Texienne Bill in the house of representatives on January 12, 1841. In spite of strong opposition from the press and from the Lamar faction, it passed the house eleven days later. Now, only the approval of the senate was required.

With his lavish entertainment, promises, and threats, however, Saligny had made many enemies. In a bitter editorial, the editor of the *Texas Centinel* wrote, "[Saligny] had not been wasting his French wines, Principe Cegars [sic], West Indian Sweetmeats, and lusty promises upon our unsophisticated Congressmen to no purpose. How far these things may have influenced any freeborn Texian's vote, we leave for others to judge; one thing is a matter of history, and that we can speak; that the bill was rushed through congress in a gag-law manner. Truths were wasted on the desert air—for the thing was arranged over the fuming bottles and smoking dinners of M. Saligny."

THE DEBATE in the senate between factions of Lamar and Houston was loud and vigorous. It ended only when Vice President David Burnet, acting as chief executive while President Lamar was in New Orleans recuperating from an illness, let it be known that he would veto the bill if it were passed by the senate. Rather than suffer the embarrassment of certain defeat, the proponents of the bill let it die a quiet death, without a final vote.

Comte Dubois de Saligny was furious. He stalked the halls of government, ranting against the bill's opponents and against Lamar's administration. His remarks were slanderous, and his behavior clearly constituted interference in the internal affairs of a sovereign nation. But no official reproof was issued. The Texians still hoped to get the much-needed loan, and nothing would be done to jeopardize its chances.

Saligny finally realized that all his political machinations had been in vain. But he would extract a measure of revenge by seizing upon his continuing problem with Richard Bullock and the marauding pigs.

When the chargé d'affaires had moved out of his quarters in Bullock's Hotel and into his partially completed residence, he had refused to pay the bill presented to him by the innkeeper. It amounted to $270.75, but Saligny claimed to owe only $123.75, "accord-

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ing to that fixed by arbitration and conforming to his known prices," as he wrote later. This dispute simmered for several months. Then Bullock's pigs began to nose around Saligny's rear fence and make forays into his garden and into the corn supply for his blooded horses.

The feud between the two men worsened and soon became a common subject for discussion. Most of the townsfolk sided with Bullock. After all, the overbearing French dandy was meddling in affairs at the capitol—and he was a deadbeat. He had reneged on his hotel bill, and there was gossip that he had been passing counterfeit promissory notes around town.

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One day, twelve of Bullock's pigs broke through the fence and headed for the corn, almost trampling a protesting servant, Eugene Pluyett. Eventually, three pigs wandered off and invaded the house, where they attacked the linens and chewed up some official papers—today five reports are missing from Saligny's carefully-numbered dispatches, presumably those eaten by the ravenous porkers.

Enraged, Saligny grabbed a pitchfork and ran to the defense of his property, shouting for Pluyett to get a pistol and shoot the pigs. The ensuing slaughter was scarcely finished when Richard Bullock arrived on the scene, picked up a stick, and soundly thrashed the hapless servant. When Saligny objected, Bullock attacked the chargé.

When it was clear that his Franco-Texienne Bill had no chance of resurrection, Saligny filed a formal complaint against Bullock with the secretary of state. He demanded an official apology and summary punishment of the innkeeper for these "most scandalous and outrageous violations of the Laws of Nations." The secretary politely replied that international law did not provide for the punishment of petty crimes, but a hearing was held, and Bullock was bound over for trial.

That action might have cooled Saligny's indignation had not Bullock's bail been paid by a friend, John Chalmers, who happened to be secretary of the treasury. To Saligny, it appeared that the Texas government had sided with the innkeeper.

The chargé d'affaires then presented another official complaint. He claimed that Bullock "was permitted to vomit, every day, against me, the Representative of France, the grossest insults, the most insulting calumnies." He wrote to the secretary of state, "I would not be able to remain any longer with a government unable even to protect my life from the assaults of a scoundrel." On April 5, 1841, he received his reply: "I have the honor to state that you can obtain your passports when you choose to demand them." Saligny departed for New Orleans.

In Paris, Gen. James Hamilton had managed to arrange with the firm of J. Lafitte and Company for the sale of bonds for a loan of "37 millions of Francs for the Texas government," subject to the approval of King Louis Philippe. But both the minister of finance and the minister of foreign affairs were cool to the idea, as were most of the French newspapers. It was of some concern that the Texas population of 140,000 inhabitants had now, in 1841, amassed a public debt of almost $7.5 million and still had annual revenues of less than $445,000. How was such a loan to be guaranteed?

The failure of the Franco-Texienne Bill and the communiques received from M. Dubois de Saligny in New Orleans presented a way out. Although embarrassed by the antics of the over-active chargé, and not at all impressed by his pompous manner, the ministers were quick to take his side. They refused authorization for Lafitte and Company to sell any bonds.

Shortly thereafter, Hamilton was recalled, and the Texas law authorizing the $5 million loan was repealed. So, Comte Dubois de Saligny might have had the last laugh. But he did not. In 1845 he was once again in Texas as French chargé d'affaires, lobbying strenuously against statehood. And, once again, his efforts were in vain.

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Good Samaritans of the Plains

By ROY BIRD

Kansas State Historical Society, Topeka, Kansas

A Potawatomi Indian hunter wearing typical dress of the 1870s, posed in a studio. Was this man among the Potawatomis who helped the Nicodemus settlers?

Every culture has its own "good Samaritan" story, a tale about an incident in which someone proves generous or helpful to someone else. A story like that recently emerged in Kansas; it is about the time a band of Indian hunters saved the settlers of the only all-black community in the state from starvation and deprivation.

During the 1870s a great amount of advertising was done by real estate promoters trying to get black freedmen from the Deep South to pioneer on the High Plains. One of those entrepreneurs, W.R. Hill, convinced a handful of blacks from Kentucky to move to western Kansas and establish new homes there, far from the repression and intimidation they experienced at the hands of some of their former owners. They met only hardship and deprivation when they got to Kansas. That is the situation they were in when a band of Potawatomi Indians from near Topeka found them and helped them through their first winter.

The Potawatomis' original home had been in the East, near one of the Great Lakes, probably Lake Erie. During the colonial era of American history, white colonists pushed other Indians westward, crowding the Potawatomis. So the Potawatomis moved by easy stages through the Ohio river valley to a place on Lake Michigan called Dearborn, now Chicago. Indeed, the name Chicago is a Potawatomi word meaning "the place of the drowned skunk." By treaty permission the Potawatomis left Dearborn in 1833 because white traders and businessmen were again crowding them. They stayed briefly in the vicinity of Council Bluffs, Iowa, but not being well received by other tribes there—with whom there was considerable bickering—the tribe eventually located on land set aside by the federal government as a reservation for them. They became the Prairie Band of the Potawatomis and found their final home in 1846.

William Mzhickteno, from whom

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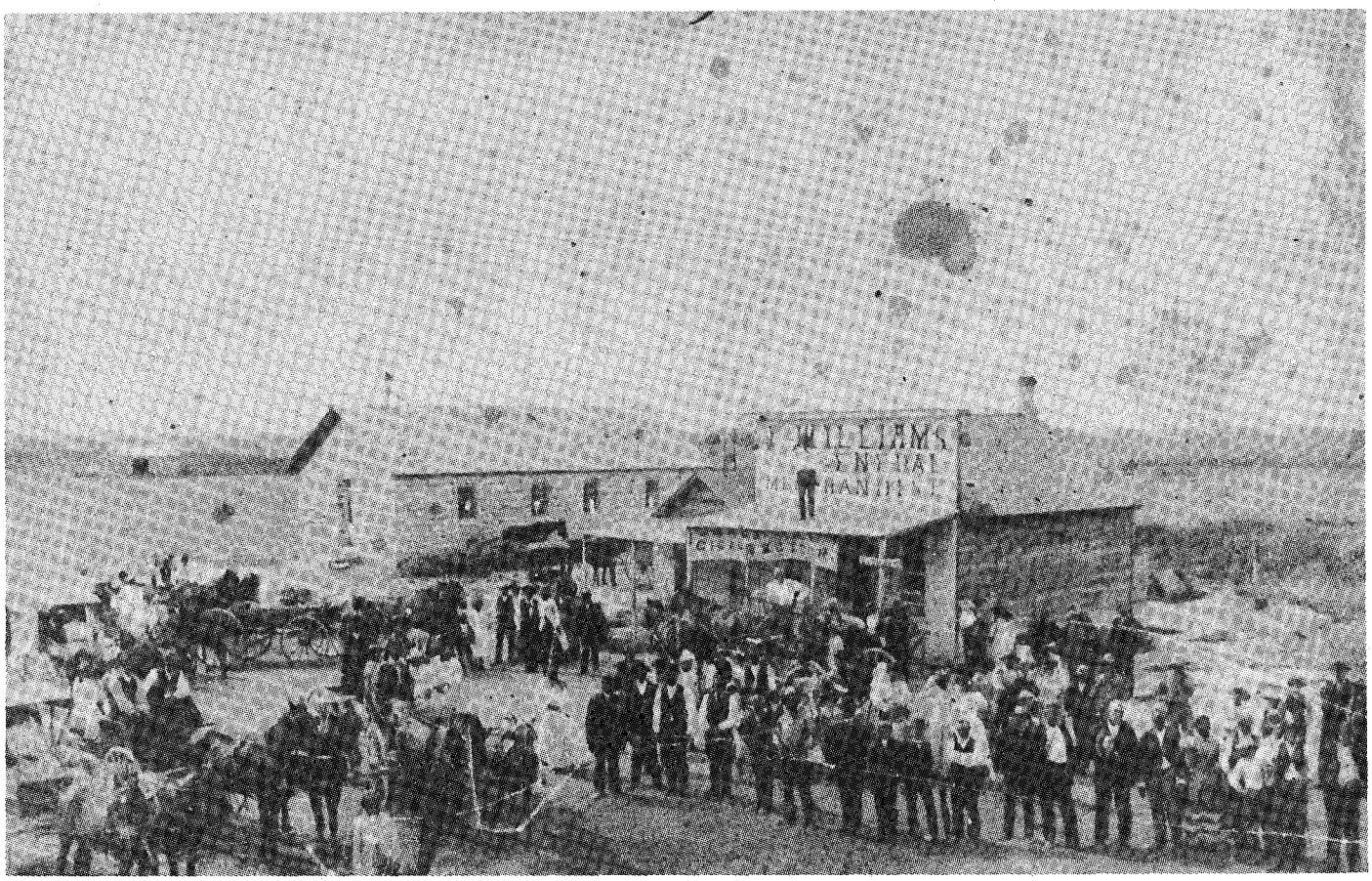

Kansas State Historical Society, Topeka, Kansas

The earliest known street scene of Nicodemus, circa 1885. Some of the people gathered for this photograph would not have been there but for the good will of the Potawatomis.

W.R. Hill convinced a handful of blacks from Kentucky to move to western Kansas and establish new homes there, far from the repression and intimidation they experienced at the hands of some of their former owners. They met only hardship and deprivation when they got to Kansas.

much of this tale was derived, said, "Among the best story tellers, I thought, were my father, Joseph Mzhickteno, and my grandfather, Wamego Mzhickteno. Especially I loved their stories about hunting trips they made to western Kansas to hunt buffalo." Mzhickteno told his story sometime in the early twentieth century to Dr. A.R. Kennedy and C.E. Birch in Lawrence, Kansas.

According to this member of the third generation of the Prairie Band, the Potawatomis were permitted by the reservation authorities to travel in hunting parties across the open country to the buffalo grounds claimed by the Plains tribes. Occasionally those tribes, especially the Comanches, contested the buffalo grounds with the Potawatomi hunters. Also, as the years passed the vast numbers of the lumbering beasts were gradually decimated by the "greedy and senseless slaughter by white hunters eager for the profits to be derived from the sale of the hides," as Mzhickteno wrote. Since the federal government endeavored to prevent suffering among the Indian tribes penned up on reservations, and because "food was not always forthcoming when most seriously needed," hunting permits were common for the Potawatomis.

In the fall of 1877, fairly large herds were still to be found in the extreme western part of Kansas. The Potawatomis had learned during the previous thirty years to be "adept not only in curing and preserving the meat, but were also skilled in the art of transforming the green hides into warm and attractive robes." The Potawatomis anticipated an unusually cold, hard winter that year, feeling a particular need for more meat and warm covers to augment the meager food and clothing allotments provided by their agency.

"Accordingly," said Mzhickteno, "a permit was secured for a hunting party to go in search of the needed meat and hides. Not only were the best hunters enlisted, but others who were renowned warriers were included, for the Comanches from Oklahoma and Texas were potential enemies. My father and grandfather were selected to go as hunters."

The party moved out from the Potawatomi reservation about twenty miles west of Topeka. They traveled generally southwest about sixty miles to Junction City and nearby Fort Riley. They turned in a more southerly direction, passing the Swedish community at Lindsborg and moved onto the High Plains proper. Then they headed west toward the great bend of the Arkansas River where the city of Great Bend lies today.

It is not known exactly why, but the Potawatomis turned northwest after passing the great bend. It may have been because Comanches from the

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Kansas State Historical Society, Topeka, Kansas

James P. and Annie B. Bates, early black settlers of Nicodemus. They may have been among those who faced that first hard winter and were grateful for the Potawatomis' generosity.

Oklahoma and Texas panhandles were sighted, or it may have been because their scouts reported that buffalo herds had been found in that direction. Whatever their reason for moving north, it proved beneficial to the hunters. The search for bison was unusually productive, even though the herds were rapidly disappearing from the Plains at that late date. "They secured and processed, by their age-old methods, all the food and robes which they would conceivably need," said Mzhickteno. "Winter was in the offing and they set out very soon on the return journey. They chose a northern trail which led them over somewhat unfamiliar ground."

It was on this northern trail that the Potawatomi hunters unexpectedly ran across a party of black freedmen. They would be the nucleus of the black town of Nicodemus.

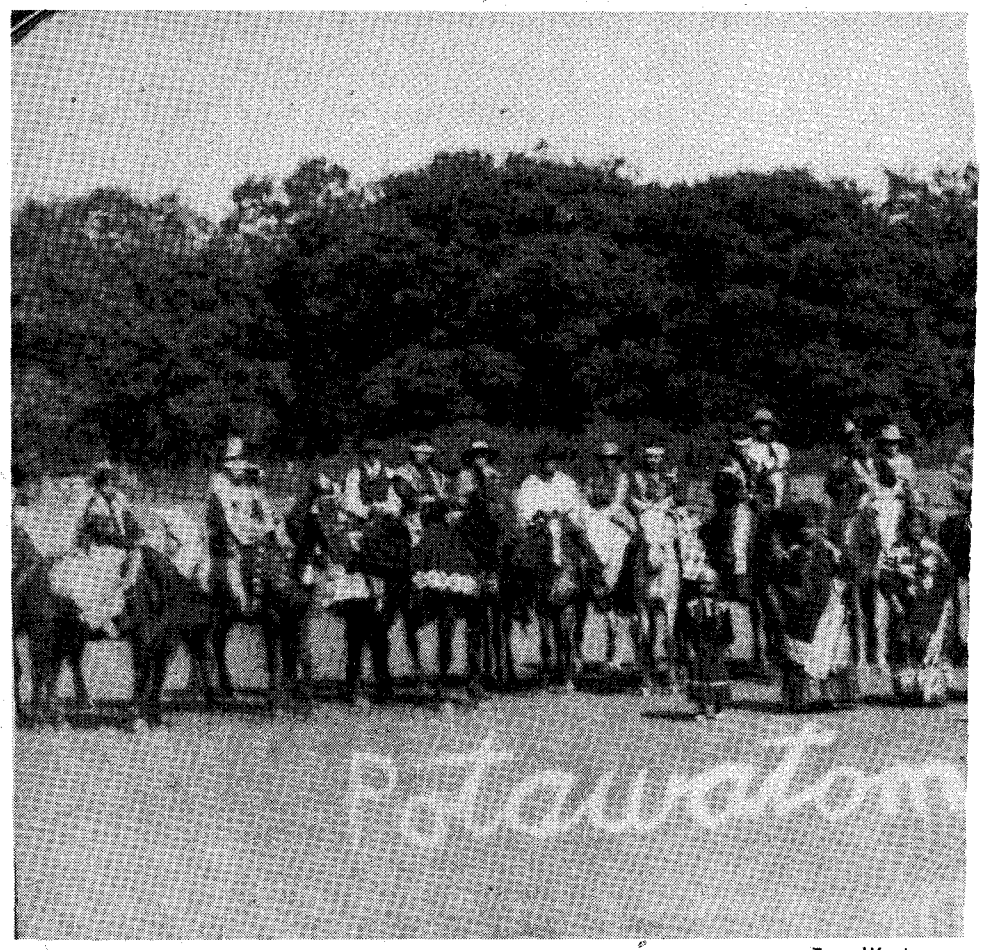
W.R. Hill, a white preacher from Indiana, laid out the town of Hill City in the fall of 1876. He was a land boomer providing the inspiration for settlement, and he sought black settlers for additional population to build up his area. Robert Athearn, author of *In Search of Canaan: Black Migration to Kansas, 1879-80*, wrote more about Hill and his schemes. "In July, 1877, about thirty Kentucky Negroes, who came via Topeka, provided the seed for the new colony near Hill City. In the autumn of 1877 another three hundred fifty arrived, strengthened by a contingent of one hundred fifty who came in March 1878."

Hill claimed credit for founding the black colony. He said the immigrants "were poor and had nothing in the start while at this wrighting [nearly two years later] they are in fare circumstances."

What Hill did not say was that he did little or nothing to help the immigrants when they were poor. In fact, late in the fall with first snowfall hinted in the air, the Potawatomi hunters led their heavily loaded hunting ponies to a campsite near the meager site of Nicodemus. The Indians visited the blacks and asked about the community's curious name.

The colony's name is often thought these days to have biblical origins, but more likely it commemorates a legendary slave who eventually purchased his freedom. The Kentucky blacks knew well the lines of an old slave song about him:

Nicodemus was a slave of African birth
And he was bought for a bag full of gold;
He was reckoned a part of the salt of the earth,
But he died years ago, very old.



Potawatomi Indians gathered for a reservation fair in 1917. Among them were some of the hunting party which assisted black pioneers when they were in dire straits.

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Next, the Potawatomis asked about the travails which were obvious from the sorry shape of the blacks' equipage. Mzhickteno said, "These poor blacks were helplessly stranded, hungry, without anything worthy of the name of shelter. It was easy to see that they were completely lacking in pioneering know-how. Even if they had possessed food, no decent provision had been made for shelter, nor were they capable of providing protection against the wintry blasts which could shortly annihilate them. Clothing and bedding were worn to tatters. They were discouraged about their unexpected visitors."

The blacks had not even made an effort to construct dugouts or modest sod huts because they did not have the technological wherewithal to do so. They were making do with crude tents made of blankets and quilts, which did not even keep the moisture off their occupants in a heavy dew. What food they had had been brought from Kentucky, and that was running dangerously low. Their clothing was ragged, scraps of cloth they had worn nearly since leaving Kentucky. They had two chances for surviving the winter—slim and none.

" 'But we can't leave them this way,' said one of the rescuers, 'they'll have to have something to eat and skins to wrap themselves in.' To this all the others agreed, but no one knew just how much should be apportioned for this purpose. Then spoke up a Good Samaritan: 'Let's divide even up with them.' "

Mzhickteno told what happened during the night after the Potawatomis camped near the Nicodemus colony. The hunting party of Indians had held councils a couple times already on their excursions. Now they met again, this time probably the most important meeting of the entire journey. "I remember well hearing my tribesmen tell of the discussion which went on among the hunters that night. One of them—I like to think it was a relative of mine—had sized up the emergency quickly. Even in their worst days, he said, no Indians ever had been in such distress. Something must be done for these people, he urged, lest they all perish from starvation or from exposure to a Kansas blizzard. First of all they must have food, so a good meal was prepared and the hungry horde well fed. Then someone suggested that there was an abundance of slough grass along a nearby creek bottom. The next day the skinning knives were put to work again and large quantities of the grass were piled up in readiness. Skilled workers demonstrated how to make use of this natural building material. Soon what might have been taken for a typical Indian village replaced the miserable litter which had previously covered the ground.

Kansas State Historical Society, Topeka, Kansas

W.R. Hill encouraged freed slaves to come to Kansas to settle. Among those who came were the black pioneers of Nicodemus.

Kansas State Historical Society, Topeka, Kansas

"'But we can't leave them this way,' said one of the rescuers, 'they'll have to have something to eat and skins to wrap themselves in.' To this all the others agreed, but no one knew just how much should be apportioned for this purpose. Then spoke up a Good Samaritan: 'Let's divide even up with them.' Let me say here that I do not know whether or not that Potawatomi had ever heard of the Good Samaritan, but he had the spirit of one. The Great Spirit must have touched the hearts of all of them, as that fifty-fifty division was adopted. When they left for home the next day, their own loads were considerably lighter. But they had saved a suffering community!"

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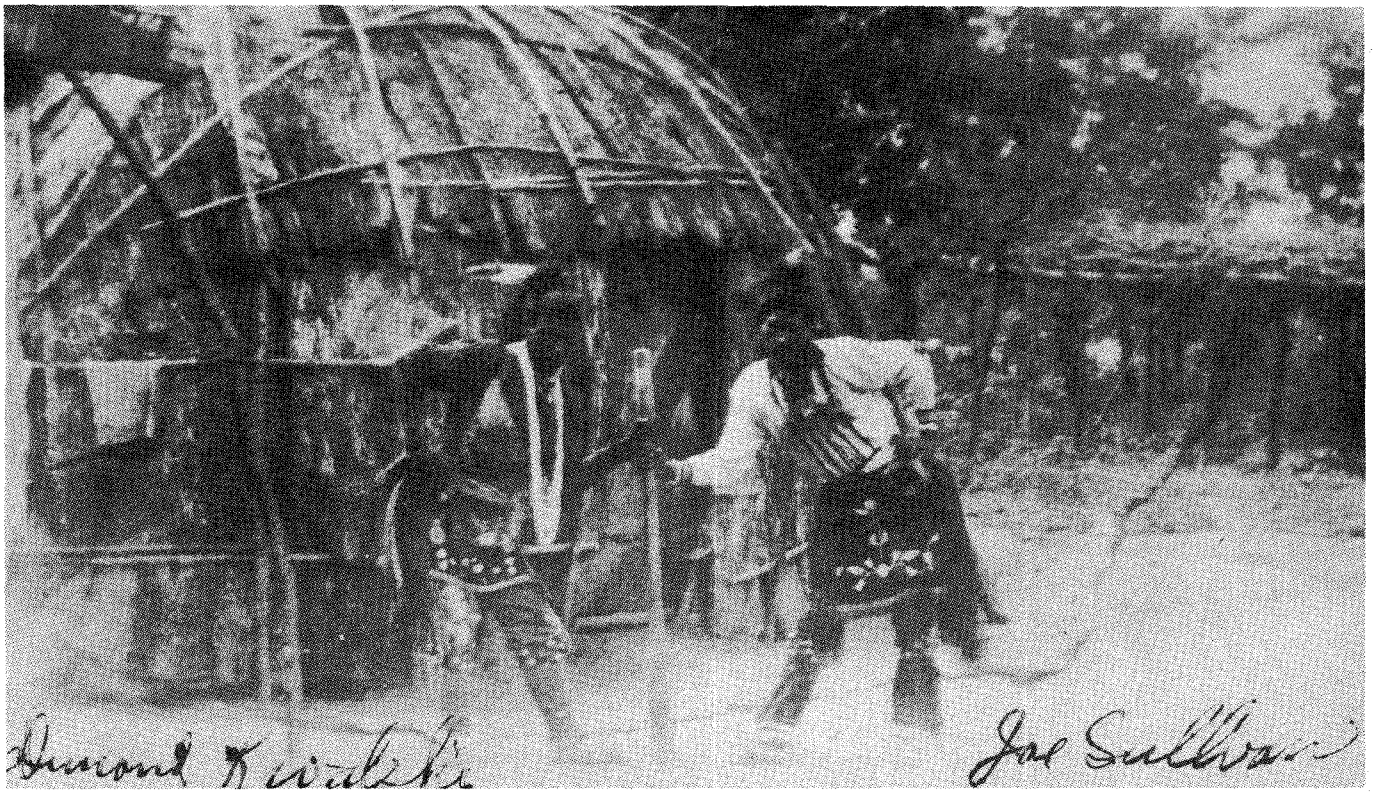

Kansas State Historical Society, Topeka, Kansas

Besides sharing the results of their fall buffalo hunt with the freedmen, the Potawatomi hunters showed the former slaves how to build temporary shelters such as the dwelling in this photo.

The blacks had not even made an effort to construct dugouts or modest sod huts because they did not have the technological wherewithal to do so. They were making do with crude tents made of blankets and quilts, which did not even keep the moisture off their occupants in a heavy dew.

The settlers of Nicodemus evidently had money and offered to pay the Potawatomis for their generosity. Athearn wrote, "Most of those from Kentucky had money with which to buy land, and those who did so, at such places as Nicodemus. . . would have resented any inferred connection with the impoverished refugees of Mississippi and Louisiana who were so heavily resented among the Exodusters." But all the money in the world could not have helped the black community out on the empty plains. It was their good fortune that the Potawatomis came along. And because the Indian hunters refused payment the new pioneers could afford to purchase the land needed to found their town.

Let there be no mistake—the road to making the huddle of snug grass huts a town would be long and fraught with difficulties. Three years later one black man who had heard about the colony made his way to Nicodemus only to come away with the impression that it was a "shabby little town in which there was no work for newcomers." There was no timber available for home construction and the flat, forbidding plains "gave him a chill." Ill and discouraged, he returned to the Missouri River and took the first boat home. Shortly thereafter a group of the town's citizens petitioned Kansas Governor John P. St. John for help, saying that they again—or still—desperately needed clothing, provisions, and other staples in order to survive.

Nevertheless, the mere fact that the black colonists were still there three years later is a fitting compliment to their Potawatomi benefactors. Mzhickteno, whose father and grandfather were among the bands of hunters, was suitably proud of his ancestors and their attitude toward the new settlers. "I have always been proud of my people for that sacrificial act. I think it should be made known and the record should make a bright page in human history. Perhaps it may serve to counteract some of the highly colored tales of Indian cruelty. Indians respond to kindness as well as any other race. . . .

"In due time the party made its way back to the reservation and received a great welcome. When the whole story was told no one thought they had done wrong in sharing their fruits of the chase with those poor, destitute, and despairing settlers at Nicodemus. The Prairie Band continued to thrive and their children were among the first to profit by Uncle Sam's educational program. Likewise, they furnished some fine leadership not only for themselves but for their white neighbors."

In the years after William B. Mzhickteno told his story, a true tale of his people, to Dr. Kennedy and Mr. Birch both the Potawatomis and the blacks of Nicodemus were gradually absorbed into the population of Kansas. A growing awareness of both black and native American heritages urged both the Potawatomis and the descendants of those original Nicodemus pioneers to reexamine their pasts. And this old tale, a true story of the Kansas prairie, reemerged to emphasize the importance of sharing by all peoples on the frontier.

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TW177—THE OLD-TIME COWHAND. By Ramon F. Adams. In this reprint, highly respected western authority Adams tells an honest story about what the cowboy really did and thought. The American cowboy emerges as a recognizable human being far removed from the inventions of the horse opera. "Encyclopedic in its coverage of the subject"—*Library Journal.* University of Nebraska Press.

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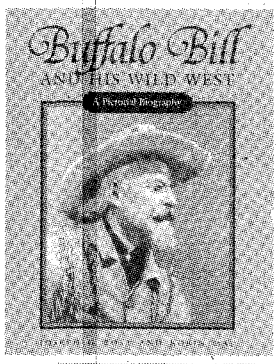

TW178—BUFFALO BILL AND HIS WILD WEST: A PICTORIAL BIOGRAPHY. By Joseph G. Rosa and Robin May. This lively biography of Cody documents fully the events of his extraordinary career. More than 150 fully captioned historic photographs, many never before published, depict Buffalo Bill from childhood to the pinnacle of his success. University Press of Kansas.

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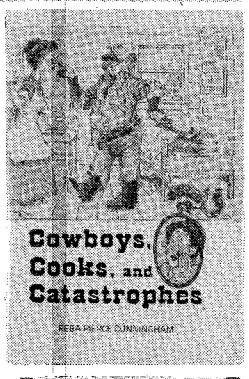

190—COWBOYS, COOKS, AND CATASTROPHES. By Reba Pierce Cunningham. The author writes of her experiences as a ranch woman in the 1930s with wit and affection, bringing to life the eccentric characters inhabiting Wyoming's Big Horn Mountains. Wonderfully illustrated by Bud McCaulley's mischievous pen and ink drawings, many of these stories first appeared in the pages of *TRUE WEST.* A reprint by Caxton Printers.

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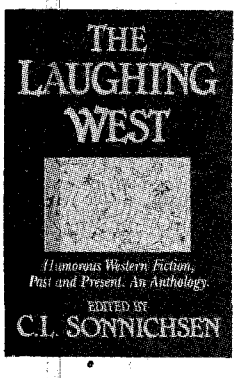

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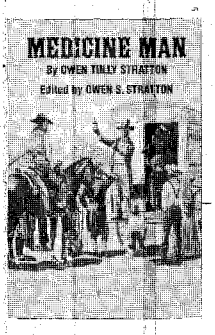

201—MEDICINE MAN. By Owen Tully Stratton; ed. by Owen S. Stratton. The author, a talented anecdotalist, fills every chapter with tales of his colorful life as a medicine show pitchman in the West at the turn of the century and his later experiences as a rural doctor. Created in the tradition of Mark Twain's highly personalized autobiographical writings, Stratton's remembrances are a delightful and easy read. University of Oklahoma Press.
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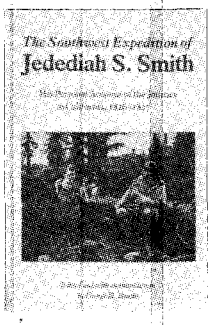

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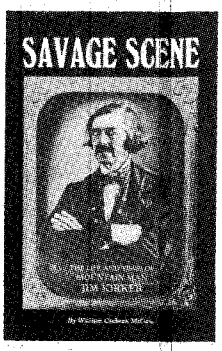

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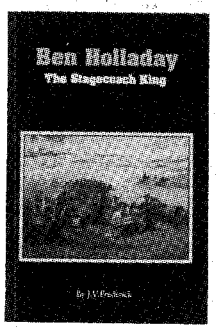

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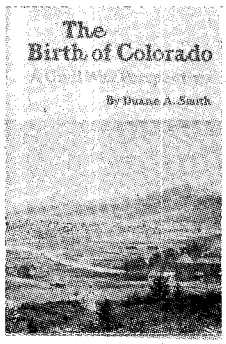

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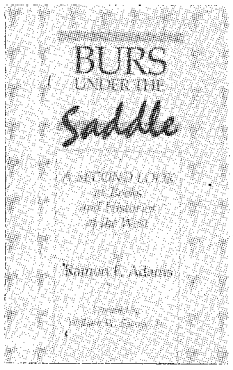

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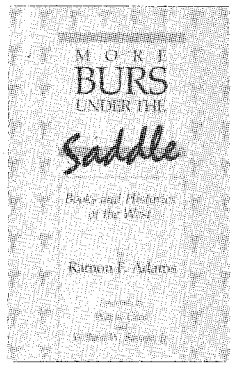

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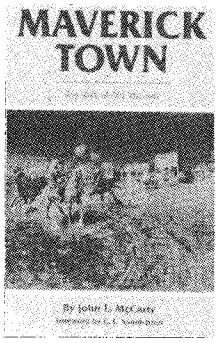

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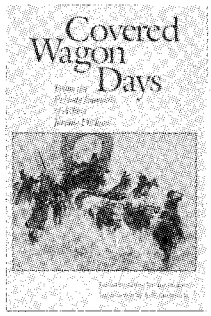

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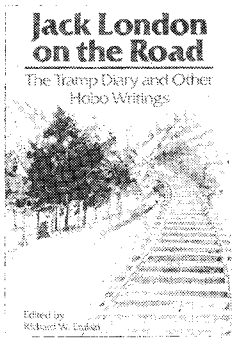

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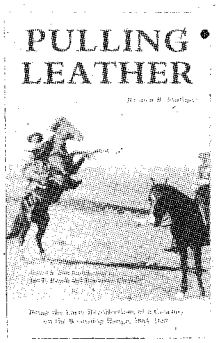

TW154—PULLING LEATHER: BEING THE EARLY RECOLLECTIONS OF A COWBOY ON THE WYOMING RANGE, 1884-1889. By Reuben B. Mullins; ed. by Jan E. Roush & Lawrence Clayton. During his transition from greenhorn to respected cowboy, Mullins participated in some of the most significant history on the western range, working for such outfits as Swan Land & Cattle Company and the AU7 Ranch. Mullins recounts his first-hand experiences in a literate and entertaining fashion. High Plains Press.

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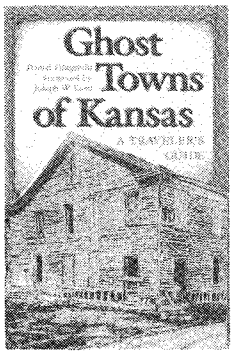

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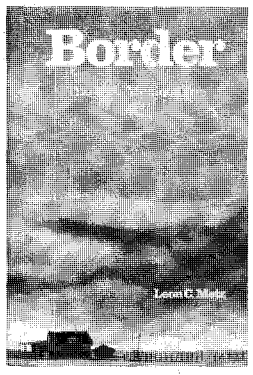

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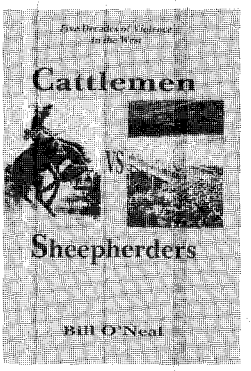

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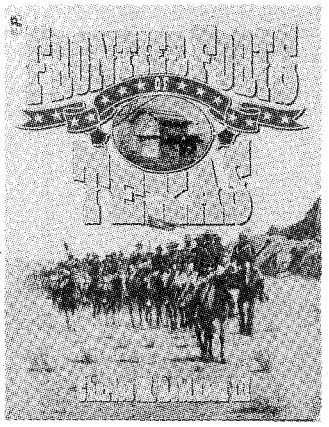

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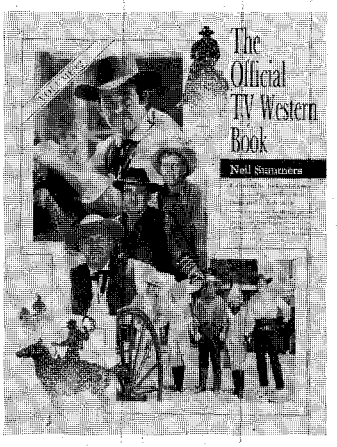

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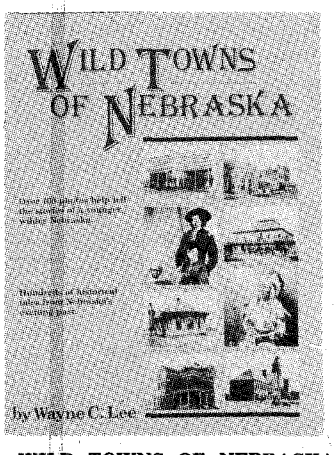

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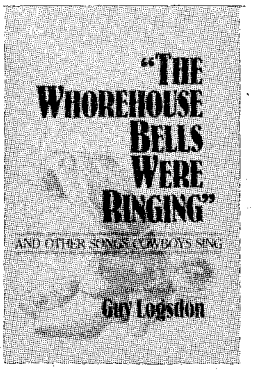

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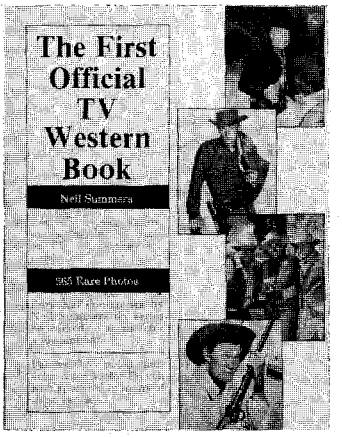

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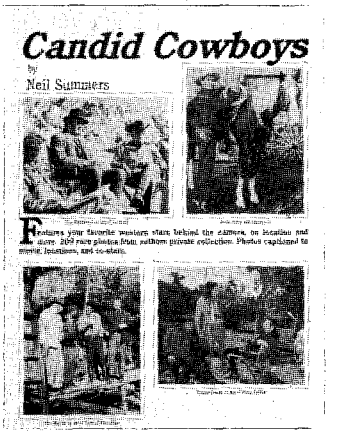

187—CANDID COWBOYS. By Neil Summers. Jam-packed with 209 photographs from the author's private collection, this new western film book features many of the public's all-time favorite western stars as seen behind the camera, on location, and elsewhere. Old West Shop Publishing.
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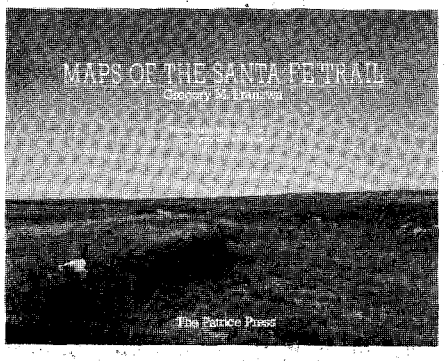

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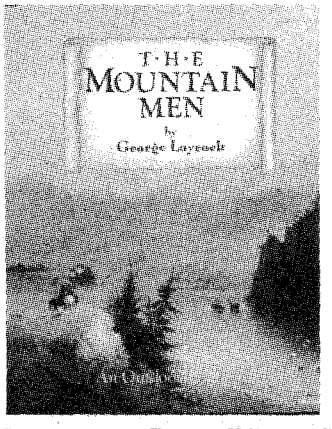

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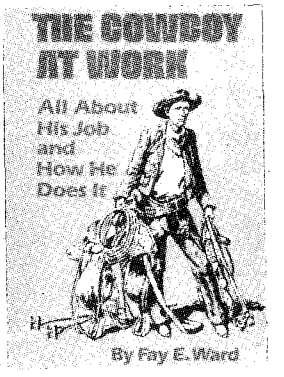

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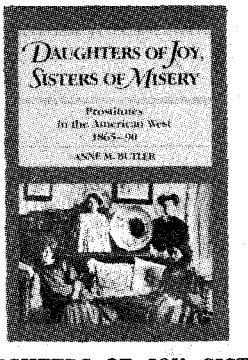

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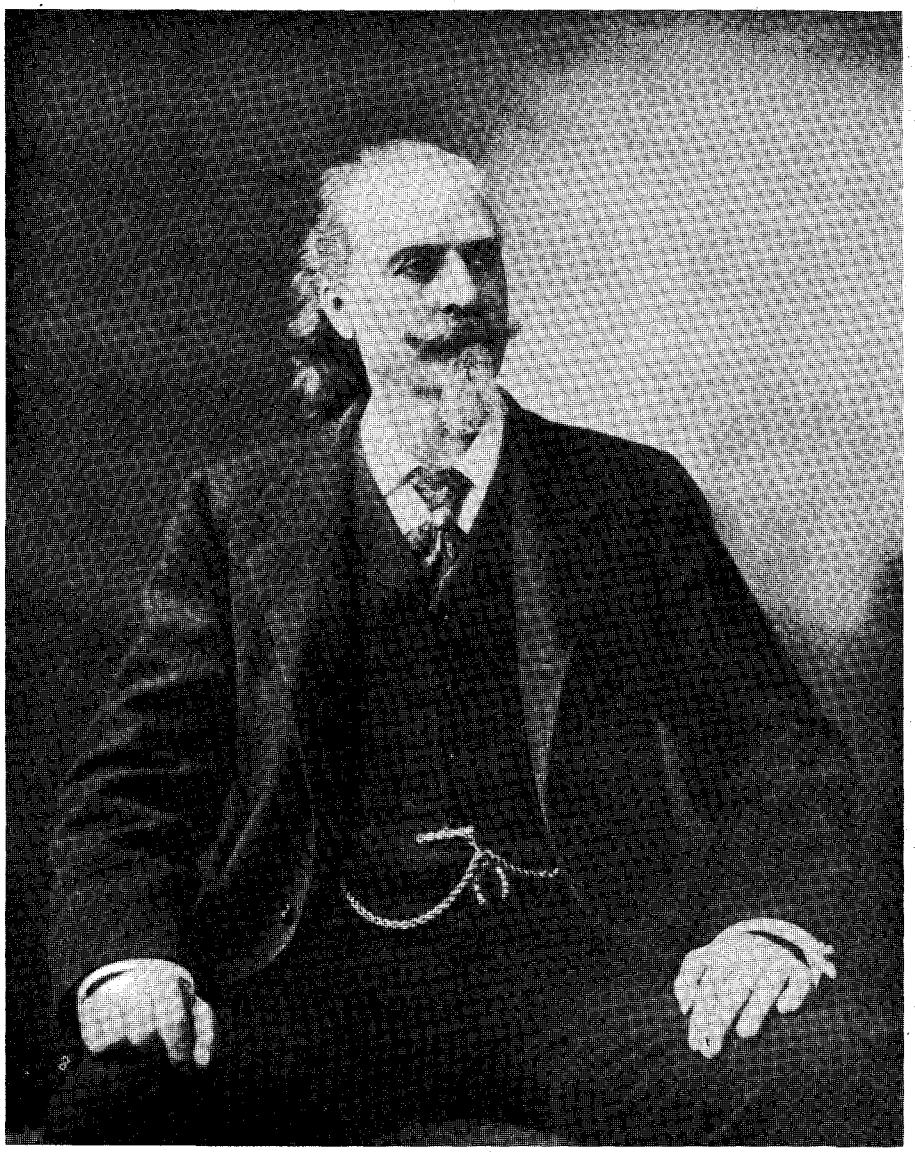
Mining Adventures of Buffalo Bill Cody

By JUANITA DANIEL ZACHRY



Arizona Historical Society Library

William F. Cody.

Cody continued to pour money into the mines. When he arrived at the beginning of winter, he had his share of the previous season's $400,000 show profits. When he left in the spring, he had spent the greatest part of his earnings. By the end of 1910, he had sunk $70,000 into the venture while it was yet in the exploration stage.

In the Santa Catalina Mountains eight miles east of Oracle, Arizona, is a honeycomb of mines once owned by William F. "Buffalo Bill" Cody. Cody was best known for his early-day buffalo hunting, scouting, and Wild West Show. His mining extravaganza is probably the least-known of all his money-making ventures, yet in the nearly one hundred claims he held, he invested and lost a half-million dollars in seven years.

Cody's mines produced gold, silver, tungsten, and lead, and in 1910 they were yielding thirty dollars per ton from surface workings. With that encouragement he pushed ahead despite an unprofitable venture in mining in 1902.

CODY LOVED a challenge, and he loved money and what he could do with it. He was less than careful when it came to spending, but he was never self-indulgent. On the contrary, Bill was generous to a fault and never mistrusted his fellow man. It has been said that after a show he lined his pockets with silver dollars and went about town distributing them to his cronies and loungers. When he was around, no one else paid the bill. He supported his wife, Lulu, and their four children well. When show business was good and his annual income amounted to $125,000, he felt the strain less. But for the most part Bill was always short of cash, yet he continued to spend. He bought a house for his sister, Helen, for $30,000 in Duluth, Minnesota, and a printing press for her husband. Near Cody, Wyoming, he bought 40,000 acres of land and built the Irma Hotel, named for his daughter, in a town of only 1,000 people.

In 1905, while he was borrowing money to pay $150,000 to winter his show in England, he sent $500 to his sister, Julia, to pay on her house; $300 to his sister, Helen; and $250 in gold to his daughter, Irma, for a horse to draw her dog cart.

Bill's benevolence extended beyond his family. In 1879 he sent $5,000 to vic-

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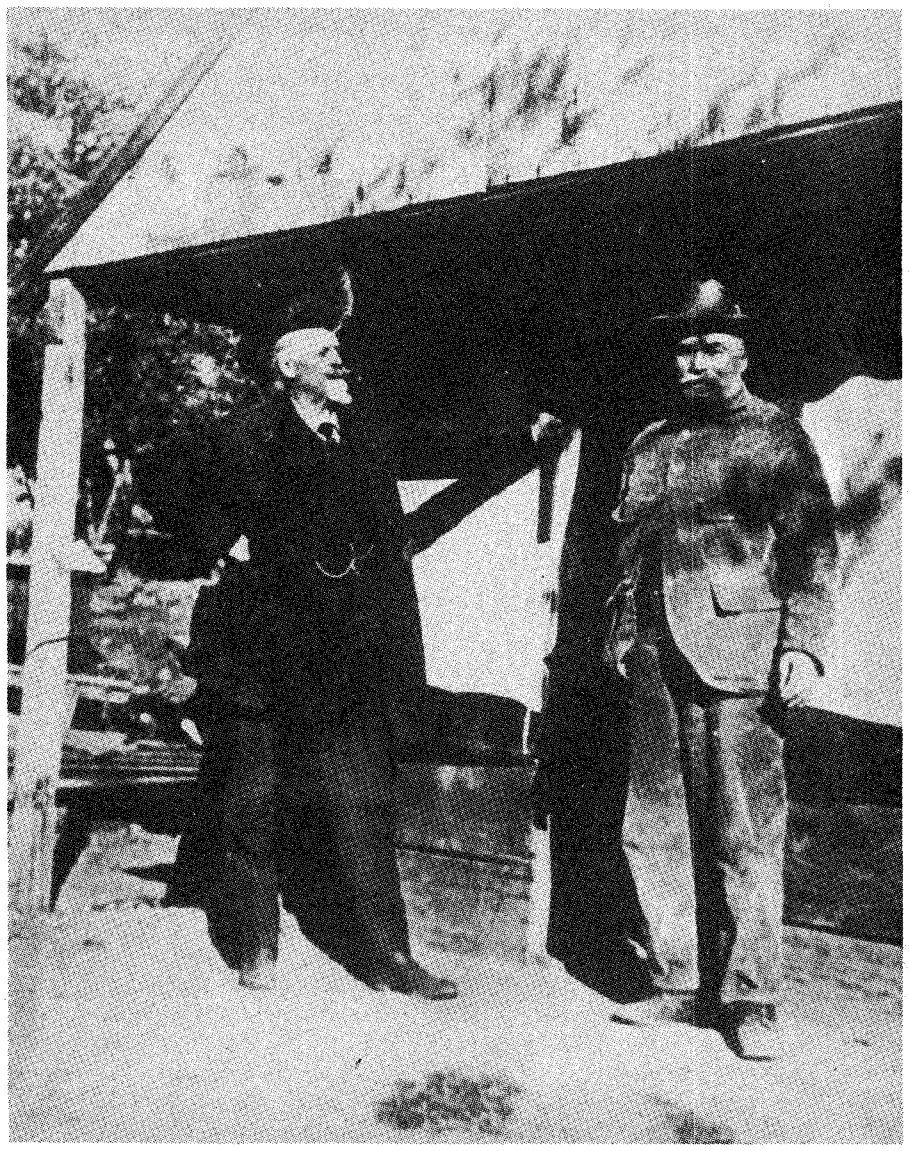

Author's Photo

William F. "Buffalo Bill" Cody (left) and L.W. Getchell at the mill near the mining area about 1910. Getchell was employed by Cody in 1909 to make a survey of his mines.

tims of the eruption of Vesuvius, and in 1906 he sent $1,000 to San Francisco after the earthquake. It was said that no church was built in Cody, Wyoming, during his lifetime without a generous contribution from him.

Because of his always shaky financial situation, Bill was ever interested in making a fast dollar and dabbled in mining as early as 1902. Little is known about the venture other than that it was unsuccessful. But mining had caught his fancy.

According to an old Tucson newspaper, Cody got back into the mining business through Capt. John D. Burgess, a Tucson resident and mining promoter. In 1905, Burgess owned mining claims near Oracle, known then as Burgess Camp.

Until then, Cody and Burgess had known each other only socially. Burgess knew that Cody was interested in mining and anything that would make a fast dollar. He went to Cody's ranch, Scout's Rest, in North Platte, Nebraska, in 1905 or 1906, to try to sell Cody his interest in the mines.

Burgess was persuasive. "I'll tell you, Bill, there's a fortune down there for the man who has got the courage and foresight to invest," he told Cody.

"You sure of that?" Cody asked. "I could mighty well use a little money."

"Sure as I am the sun's goin' to rise in the morning. Why, Bill, if you invest $5,000 now, before two years is up you'll have twenty times that back."

Buffalo Bill was skeptical and consulted his old friend, L.W. Getchell in New York. Getchell had an extensive background in mining and was one of the most trusted experts of the old Comstock crowd.

Getchell had given up mining and was not eager to go to Arizona, but Cody persuaded him. In the late fall of 1909, Getchell spent two months making tests and looking over the mines. He wrote Cody that he was obliged to report that the mines looked mighty good to him.

Getchell returned to New York in early 1910. With money furnished by Cody he bought a concentrator plant and roller mill and secured workmen to go along and install them. They started west on June 18, 1910. Getchell wrote Cody that he expected mining work to begin by mid-September. Soon after he arrived in Arizona, Getchell sent for his son, Noble, who was a civil engineer for a railroad, to assist him.

At the time Cody's Wild West Show was pulling into Ottumwa, Iowa, for a run. He found a report from one of the mine surveys waiting for him.

"What does it say?" Dan Muller, his secretary, asked.

"They say maybe we can take $3,500,000 out of the mines if we put in the right machinery."

Cody was not enthusiastic. He continued, "The kicker is that they say the machinery will cost another $50,000. I'll have to get someone else to invest. I can't swing no $50,000 now."

AT THE END of the show season in 1910, Cody went to his mines in Arizona with his foster son Johnny Baker, and Baker's wife. The three spent the winter there, and Cody passed much of the time at the High Jinks mine, which was in the side of a high cliff. He sat near the miner's shack, not far from the hoister house. From that great height he could see the entire operation below. The Arizona sun beamed brilliant rays across the silent canyon. Rock shelves hanging over cliffs and above the gaping mine openings made shadows which slashed deep across the jagged rocks. Mining roads showed only as white lines in the rugged terrain.

Cody saw the puffs of steam coming from the old boiler in front of the Maudina mines as the heavy buckets were heaved to the surface. He watched the ore wagons move under the three loading chutes, which in the beginning accommodated ten mines in the area.

That same year, at a party given in his honor in Tucson by Col. D.B. Dyer, Buffalo Bill said, "We have the biggest tungsten mine in the world here. Besides we have a good gold and lead mine. The tungsten mine eventually should pay enormously."

Cody continued to pour money into

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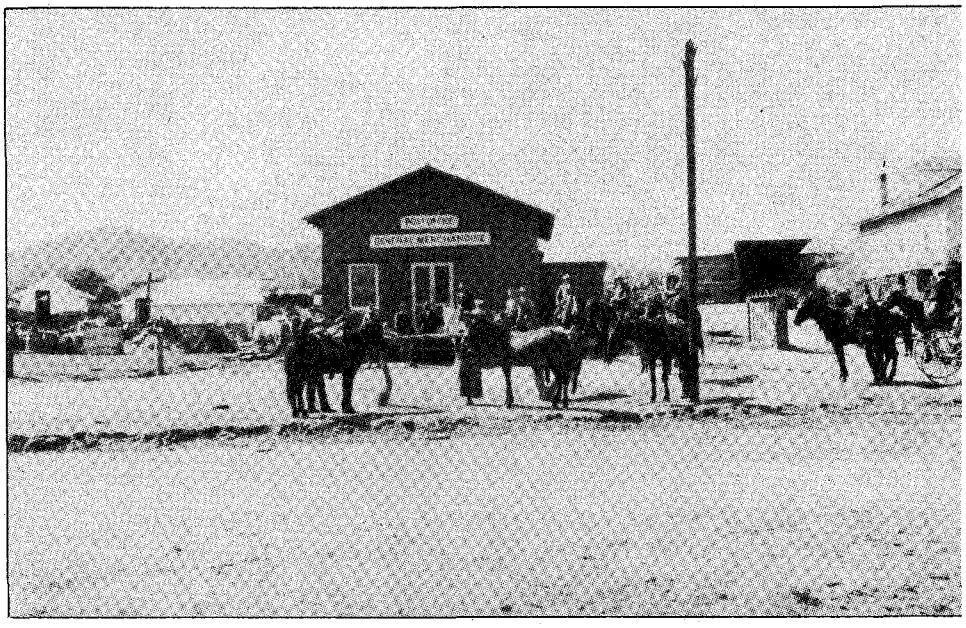
the mines. When he arrived at the beginning of winter, he had his share of the previous season's $400,000 show profits. When he left in the spring, he had spent the greatest part of his earnings. By the end of 1910, he had sunk $70,000 into the venture while it was yet in the exploration stage.

DURING HIS stay, Cody and Dyer had formed the Campo Bonito Mining and Milling Co., Inc. Dyer became a big investor and came to Cody's rescue during many a financial crisis. In November 1911, the company became the Cody-Dyer Mining and Milling Co., Inc., and combined all their mining claims in one company.

From time to time Cody had interested other investors in the mines, though records show he did not actually visit the mines until after his show closed in 1910. With him away most of the time, the Getchells were in complete charge. They called in a mining engineer to make a report. According to historical records, the engineer made a "fantastic lying report." Noble Getchell then set out at once to locate other nearby claims for purchase. Through his efforts the Cody-Dyer Company bought the Ora Fina claim for $1,250. The company did not know, however, that Noble Getchell had retained $250 for himself as a commission.

Noble then arranged for the purchase of the Southern Belle mine from R. Brady for $14,000. Since the company did not have that much ready cash, Colonel Dyer gave a note for the purchase. Noble Getchell, according to his arrangement with Brady, was to receive half the purchase price as a commission.



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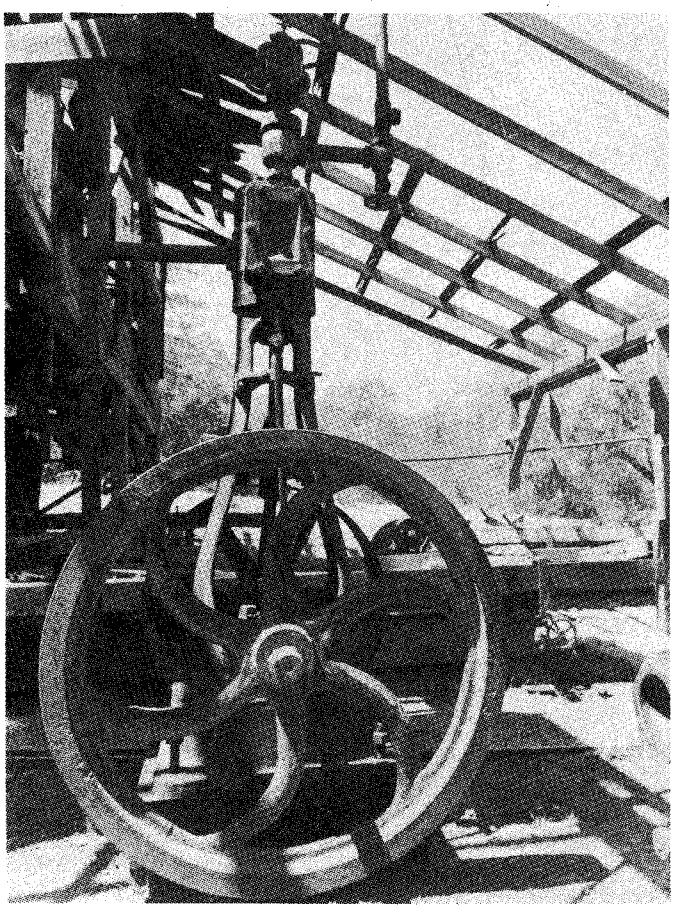
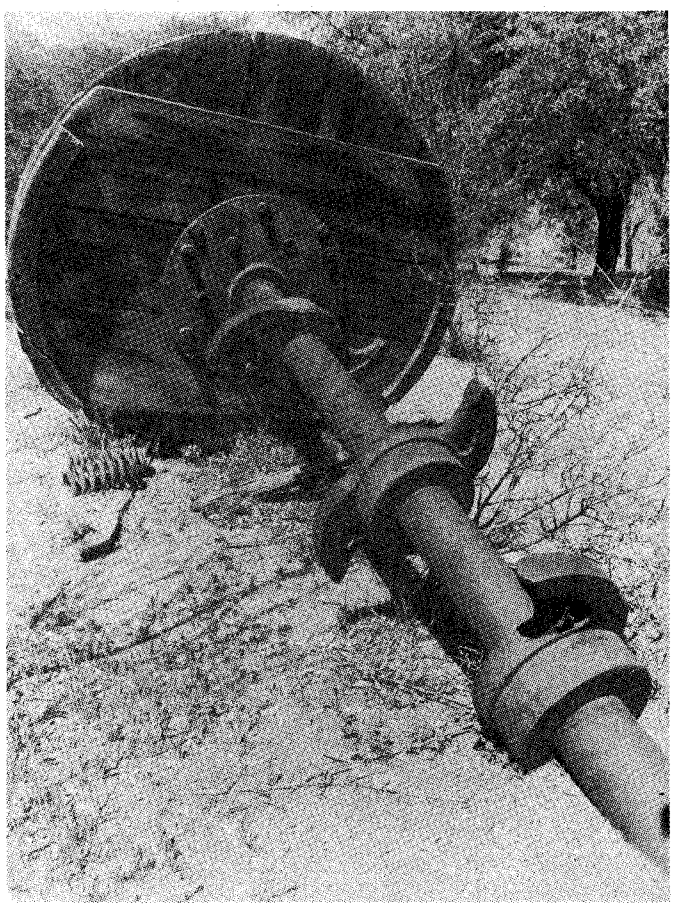
The Terry and Lawson general store and post office in Oracle, Arizona.





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Remains of the mine operated by Colonel William F. Cody, Oracle, Arizona. At right is a drive shaft from the mine's ore crusher.

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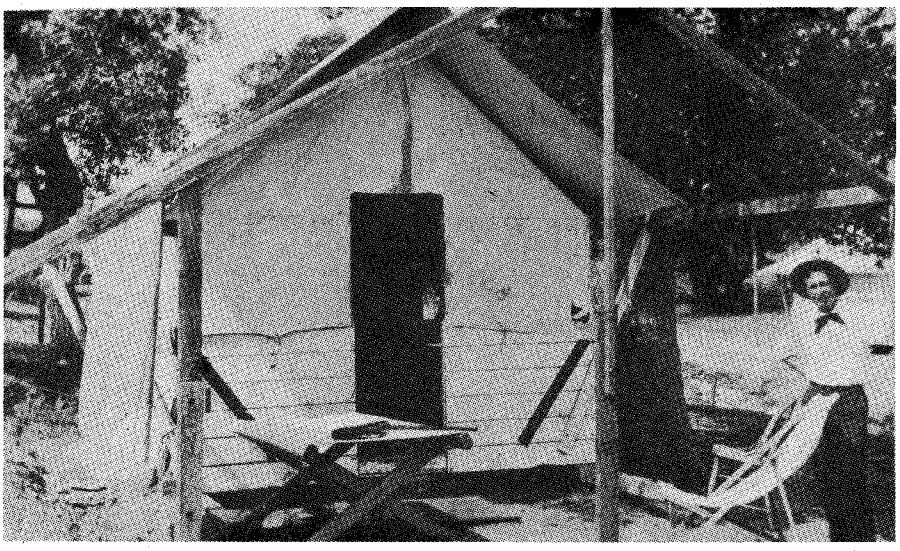

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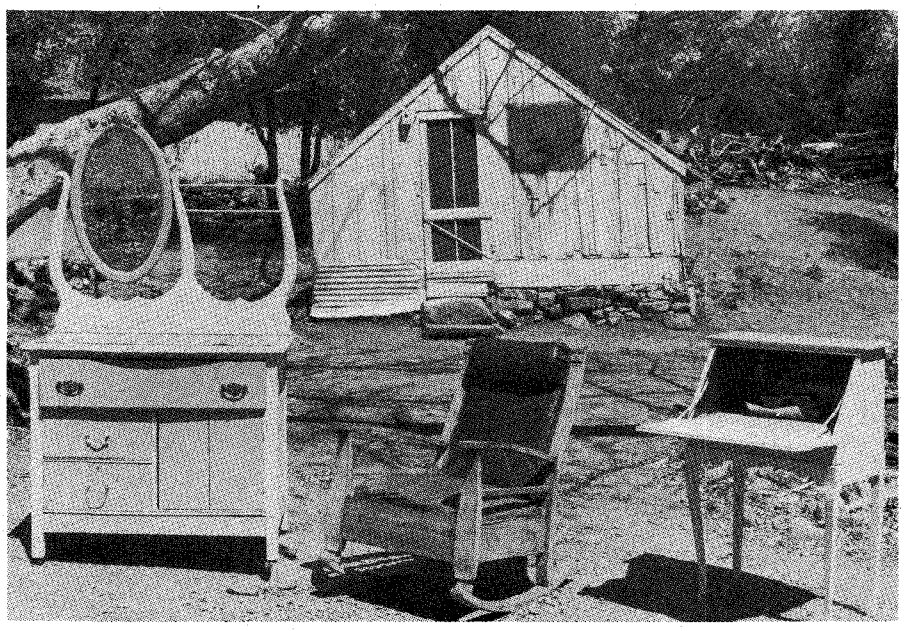
John W. Lawson of the Terry and Lawson general store, Oracle, Arizona, in front of one of the tent houses.



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Furniture used by Colonel Cody in his home at the mine in Oracle, Arizona.

Brady went to Kansas City, sold the note and did not return.

By June 1911, Cody had invested over $100,000 in the mines. Some ore was being sold but as yet not enough to be profitable. In the fall of 1911, three weeks of torrential rain over the mountains washed out bridges and mining roads.

Profits came slowly. When Cody sent Johnny Baker to investigate, Baker found thirty men on the payroll with only eight working. That and other discoveries caused Cody and Dyer to send for Ernest J. Ewing, a young mining engineer and a relative of Dyer.

Ewing soon learned of Noble Getchell's commissions on claim purchases. When he reported them to Cody, Cody at first refused to believe him. After further investigation, however, Cody threatened the Getchells with arrest and prosecution. They gave up all their stock and some money. Though he left the company, no factual proof was found that L.W. Getchell was himself a party to any irregularities.

Ewing at once dismissed forty-five workers who had been hired after Johnny Baker's visit, and the work continued on a smaller scale. Cody sent Ewing his itinerary faithfully and wrote urgent letters requesting information on the mines. Profits never met expenses. Shortly after the miners were discharged Ewing advised closing down. When nothing definite was done, the mines remained in a declining state of operation.

In 1915 the price of tungsten shot up. The machinery was in good condition; consequently, Ewing asked Cody to advance a small amount so that the mining could begin again. But Cody had been bled white, and Dyer was a sick and dying man. Buffalo Bill had reached his end with the mines.

Until Cody's death on January 19, 1917, he held out hopes for his mines. In 1916 he wrote a family member that he had prospects of selling his mining interests for $200,000, but no sale

Oracle, Arizona

Tucked into the foothills of the Santa Catalina Mountains in Arizona is the tiny hamlet of Oracle, whose history is one of mining, dude ranches, and health resorts. Few families here occupy ancestral homes of their fathers and grandfathers. Oracle's population of 1,500 is primarily made up of Easterners, with a few other out-of-state people.

A parallel exists between the lives of present residents and those of their predecessors. The early pioneers made history; present citizens work to preserve it.

From Tucson on Oracle Road North (Highway 89), it is 29.6 miles to the Oracle Highway 77 cut-off. Another 9.2 miles on Highway 77 takes you into Oracle's one main street. The scenic drive out is a varied landscape of bear grass and cactus on sloping foothills which occasionally flatten to a broad surface.

Oracle's elevation is 4,518. That high elevation enticed tubercular patients at the turn of the century. As a result, the Acadia ranch house was converted into a sanitarium. The building is now the Acadia Ranch Museum.

Adobe bricks were used in most old buildings in Oracle. Bricks for the Mountain View Hotel were

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materialized in his lifetime. During World War I and World War II the price of ore soared, but that was too late to help the old scout.

Except for the High Jinks, Buffalo Bill Cody's mines are still open, but all are inactive.

ABOVE THE lofty cliff overlooking the High Jinks, Johnny Baker and his brother-in-law, Capt. L.C. Way, built a three-story, rock house in the 1920s. Today, it is owned by professor-rancher Dean Prichard and is known as High Jinks Ranch. During my research I visited Dean Prichard in his glass-walled penthouse on the third floor of High Jinks. From that height we had a grand view of the canyon flanking the Santa Catalinas.

The Magna Copper Mining Company, one of the richest copper-producing mines in the world, is on land adjoining the claims once held by Cody. We watched the smoke from the copper smelter drift into the canyon.

Prichard, long an ardent student of Buffalo Bill, meditated on the story. "It's difficult to say that Cody was taken in. Some renegade workers probably were here, and some were out-of-work showmen sent out by Cody, who knew nothing about mining. Some impractical machinery probably was bought."

He pointed out that exploration often takes years. Buffalo Bill held the mines only seven years. Cody lacked the considerable capital required for productive mining, Prichard explained. We wondered what might have been had Cody had more time and finances.

Meanwhile, the smoke from the giant operation of Magna Copper had touched the height of the Santa Catalinas. Its spiral was thinner now. Wind currents caught it and blew it in a circle back across the canyon before us. The smoke is a constant reminder that Cody's dream of profitable mining in the Santa Catalinas is now a reality.

Arizona Historical Society Library

Mountain View Hotel, Oracle, Arizona, managed by Mrs. William (Annie) Neal. Buffalo Bill often sat on the upstairs veranda and shot steel balls off the banister. His wife, Lulu, frowned on the pasttime.

made at the site in 1895. Buffalo Bill Cody often stayed briefly at the hotel en route to his mines. Structural lines of the old hotel remain much the same as they were then, though today the building is a Southern Baptist church.

Next door to the post office is the Union Church, built of rock in 1901.

The Steward House, constructed in 1898, is unlike most of the flat-topped, western type buildings in Oracle. It follows the architectural lines of the Stewards' native New England.

Rancho Linda Vista, with its two dozen or more homes and guest houses built on the side of rocky cliffs, is very much a part of Oracle's history. It was settled as a cattle ranch by George Wilson in 1910. In 1924 he converted it into a dude ranch, and today Linda Vista is an artists colony.

On Linda Vista Ranch in 1922, in a cabin in one of the cow camps, Harold Bell Wright wrote his best selling novel, *The Mine with the Iron Door*. The movie was filmed on the ranch and in other spots in Oracle two years later.

Each year, two historical bus tours are conducted. One tour is of the town proper; and the other goes into the ranch country. For full information write: Acadia Ranch Museum, P.O. Box A, Oracle, Arizona 85623.

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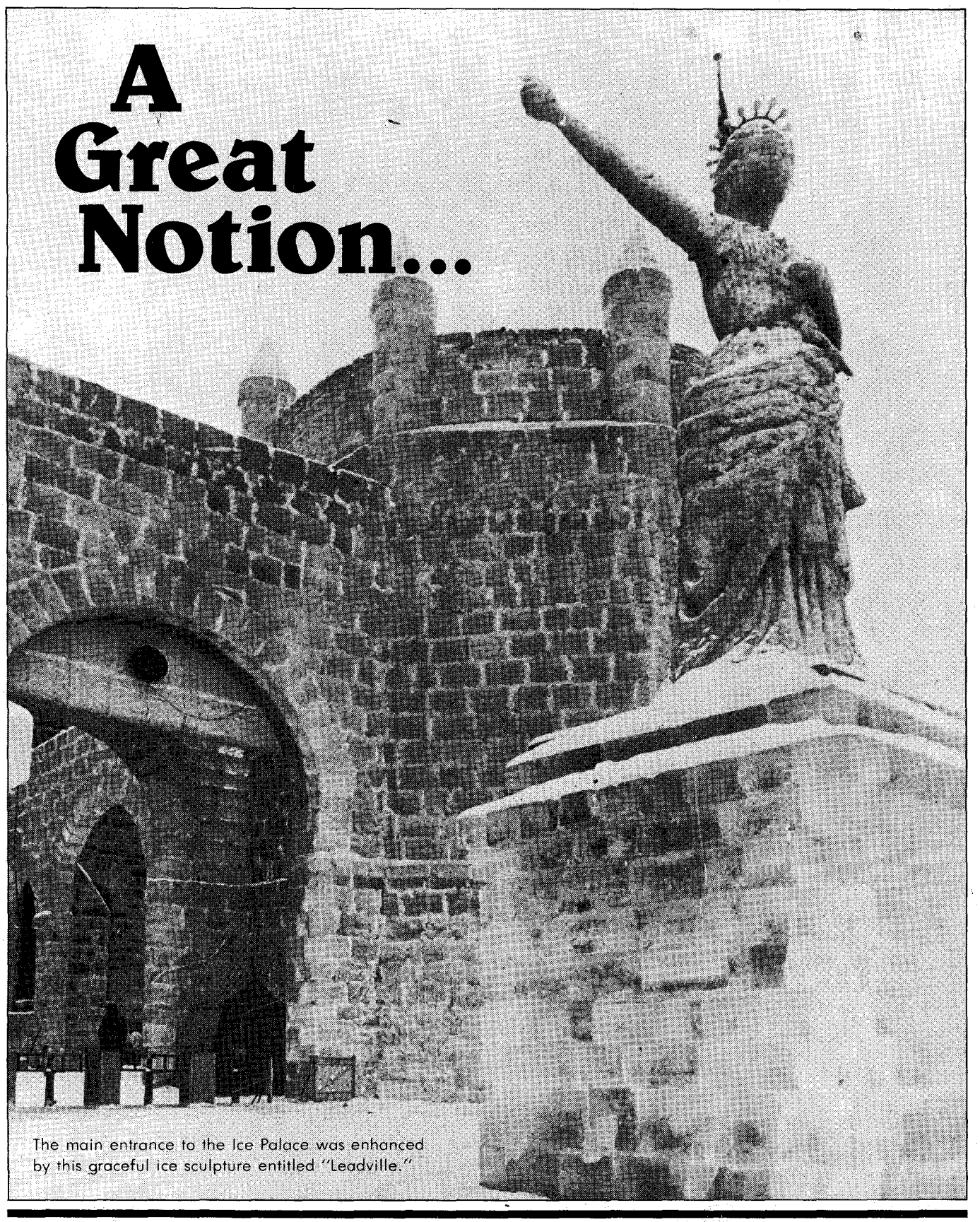
A Great Notion...



The main entrance to the Ice Palace was enhanced by this graceful ice sculpture entitled "Leadville."

The Leadville Ice Palace

By RICHARD STICKANN

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As early as August of 1895 the Leadville Herald Democrat *was writing about plans for the Ice Palace and what had come to be called the Crystal Carnival. For many the idea showed promise, but others, especially mine owners, thought it sounded farfetched. A plan so great in a town so rough?*

In 1879, Leadville, Colorado, was looking toward a magnificent future. During that year, this mining town that sat two miles up amid the splendor of the Rocky Mountains pulled more than eleven million dollars in precious metals, mostly silver, from the ground beneath it. One year later that figure rose to fifteen million. The outlook for more riches could not have been brighter.

The town was referred to as "Lusty Leadville," an appropriate title to describe all the lurid and rakish activity that was an inseparable part of this flourishing mining center. At first it boomed with gold; then, when silver was discovered, it boomed again, this time to a height of which few other mining towns could boast.

The reawakening occurred in 1874, when Leadville was still just a mining camp. For several years a heavy black rock had been causing the gold miners' sluice boxes to clog. The rock was discarded but it had become a menace to the miners. It was sent East to determine its content. The troublesome rock was found to be one-quarter lead, but it also contained twenty to forty dollars' worth of silver per ton. Men scoured the hillsides searching for the new bonanza. A number of promising finds were made, but it was not until 1878 that the real boom began when a rich body of silver ore was discovered in Fryer Hill just east of town.

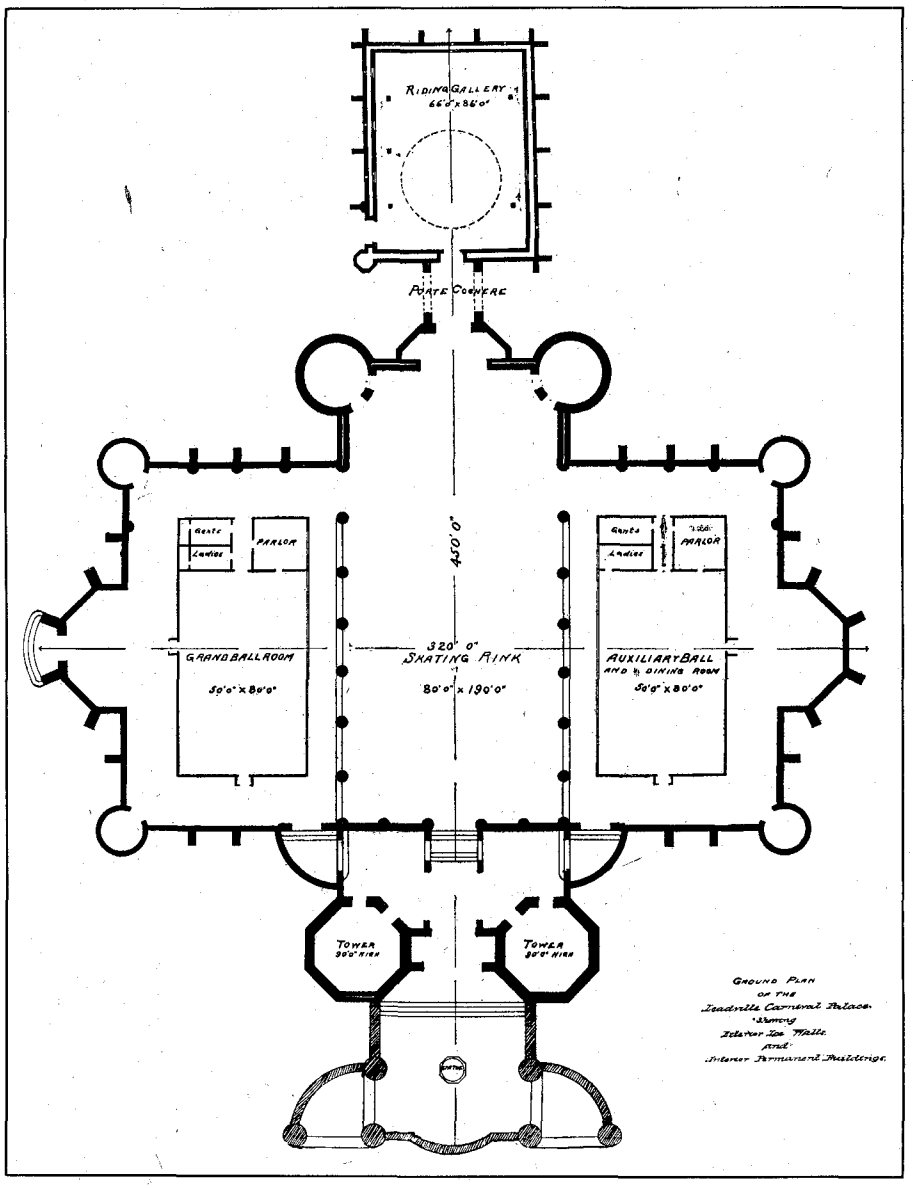
Soon after that and other rich discoveries were made, Leadville rapidly grew from camp to town. By 1880 the census listed 14,820 inhabitants compared to only 200 three years earlier. Real estate selling for one or two dollars a front foot before silver was discovered jumped to one hundred and fifty dollars and more per front foot.

Leadville soon became known as Colorado's richest and rowdiest silver mining town. But as in all boom towns of the 1880s the riches would not last. The depression of the nineties hit these silver-rich towns hard, especially with the repeal of the Sherman Silver Purchase Act in 1893 which collapsed the silver market. After the government stopped buying silver, gold again became king. Leadville's course became a steady downward spiral. The town tried to hang on, though its fate had been sealed, and its position as a leading producer of silver ore quickly faded.

Suddenly men who had an abundance of wealth were in poverty or on their way. Miners who upon their arrival in Leadville had dreamed of the riches they too would someday accumulate now faced the prospect of returning east with nothing to show for their trouble and expense.

Not yet beginning to languish, though, was Leadville's spirit. Instead of accepting the inevitable, a number of farsighted citizens in Leadville sought a new course for the town. It was their ambition to express in one grand display its vitality and international importance, its spectacular setting and historical significance, and at the same time to flaunt the town as a haven for tourists. From these impressive notions was born the idea of an ice carnival with a spectacular castle built of ice as its central attraction—a display that, if successful, would become an annual event.

As early as August of 1895 the Leadville *Herald Democrat* was writing about plans for the Ice Palace and what had come to be called the Crystal Carnival. For many the idea showed promise, but others, especially mine owners, thought



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Ground floor plan of the Crystal Ice Palace.

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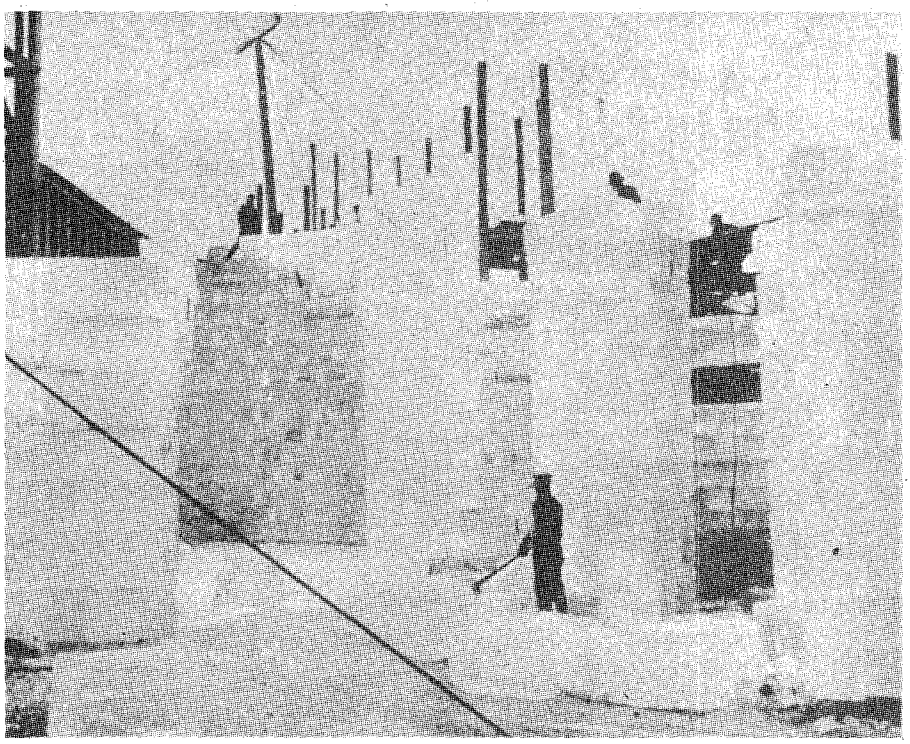

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The Ice Palace under construction.

it sounded farfetched. A plan so great in a town so remote, so rough? Skepticism was further fostered by the concern, even of its backers, of whether the carnival would draw enough outsiders to make it pay either in money or in notoriety.

The uncertainty of the mine owners was unfortunate. They controlled the big money that was seen as the most important factor in the successful development and outcome of the ice carnival. But, with the diminishing value of silver, such uncertainty was something the mine owners and other skeptics were used to. At the time they were more concerned with pulling ore from the ground while they could still make some money from it than with building an ice castle that had no guarantees and would flood their town with outsiders.

Credit for initiating the idea of an ice carnival was given to E.W. Senior, a real estate man in Leadville. Senior's enthusiasm soon spread and was taken up by a number of Leadvillites who were conscious of the precarious position in which their community found itself. Although the idea drew much interest, it didn't immediately draw all the right people.

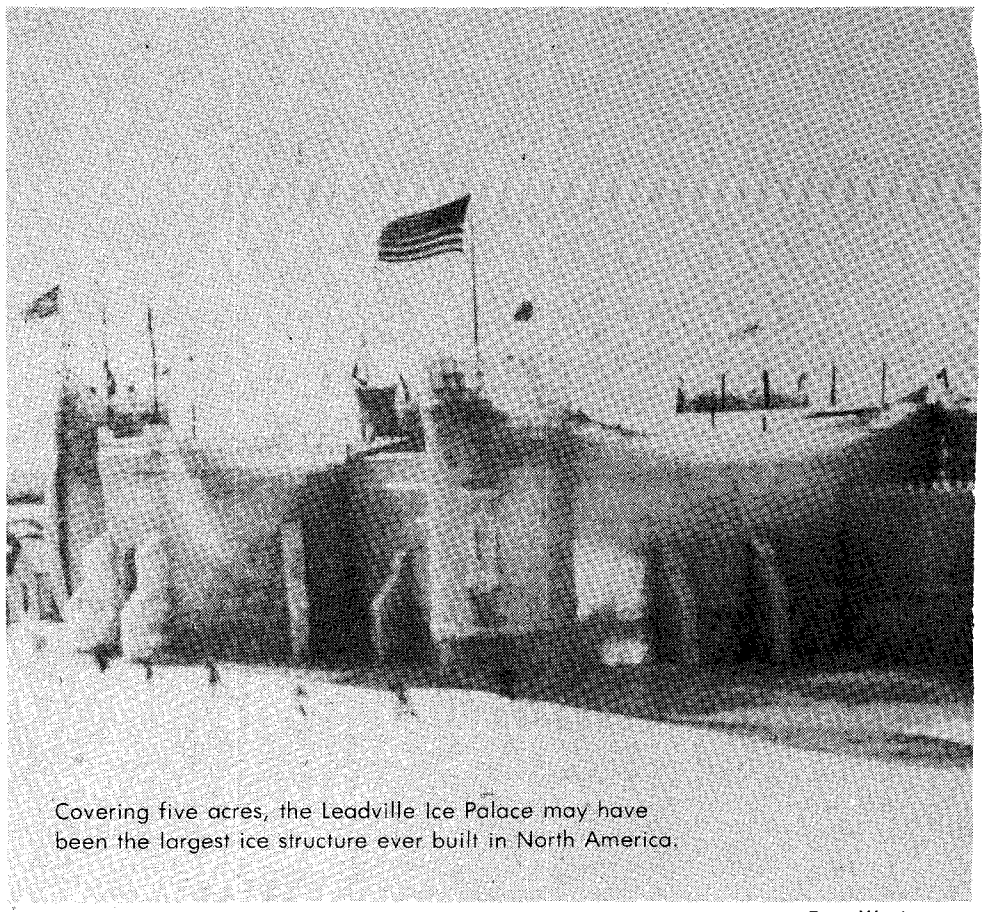
A board of directors was formed with Senior in charge. The first organizational meeting held to advance the carnival idea drew a large crowd but found few businessmen and bankers, the big money men, in attendance.

Senior and his followers were disappointed. His continued efforts at recruitment of those whose support he needed were in vain. Historians speculate that it was because Senior was a teetotaler that saloon owners (of whom there was an abundance in Leadville) failed to support him. How could you trust a man who didn't drink? Bankers and mine owners did not think Senior spoke their language.

Whatever the reasons, the carnival's board of directors saw that Senior was ineffective. Senior, too, realized his ineffectiveness; aware that his project would be doomed from the start if he continued in control, he resigned and apparently retired completely from any involvement in the ice carnival.

The next choice for leader was Tinsley S. Wood, general manager of a mining company and highly respected and popular in mining and business circles.

Wood said he would think it over, and at the next meeting he accepted the position of general manager with one condition attached. His taking over was dependent upon an assurance that $20,000 would be raised for the project. Supporters who sat before him showed some hesitancy at first; some even rumbled disapproval of so high a figure. After the murmurs dissipated, Mr. James J. Brown (husband of the Unsinkable Molly) contributed $500. Others fell in line and by the end of the night $8,000 had been raised toward construction of the Ice Palace. It was still quite a bit short of what Wood



Covering five acres, the Leadville Ice Palace may have been the largest ice structure ever built in North America.

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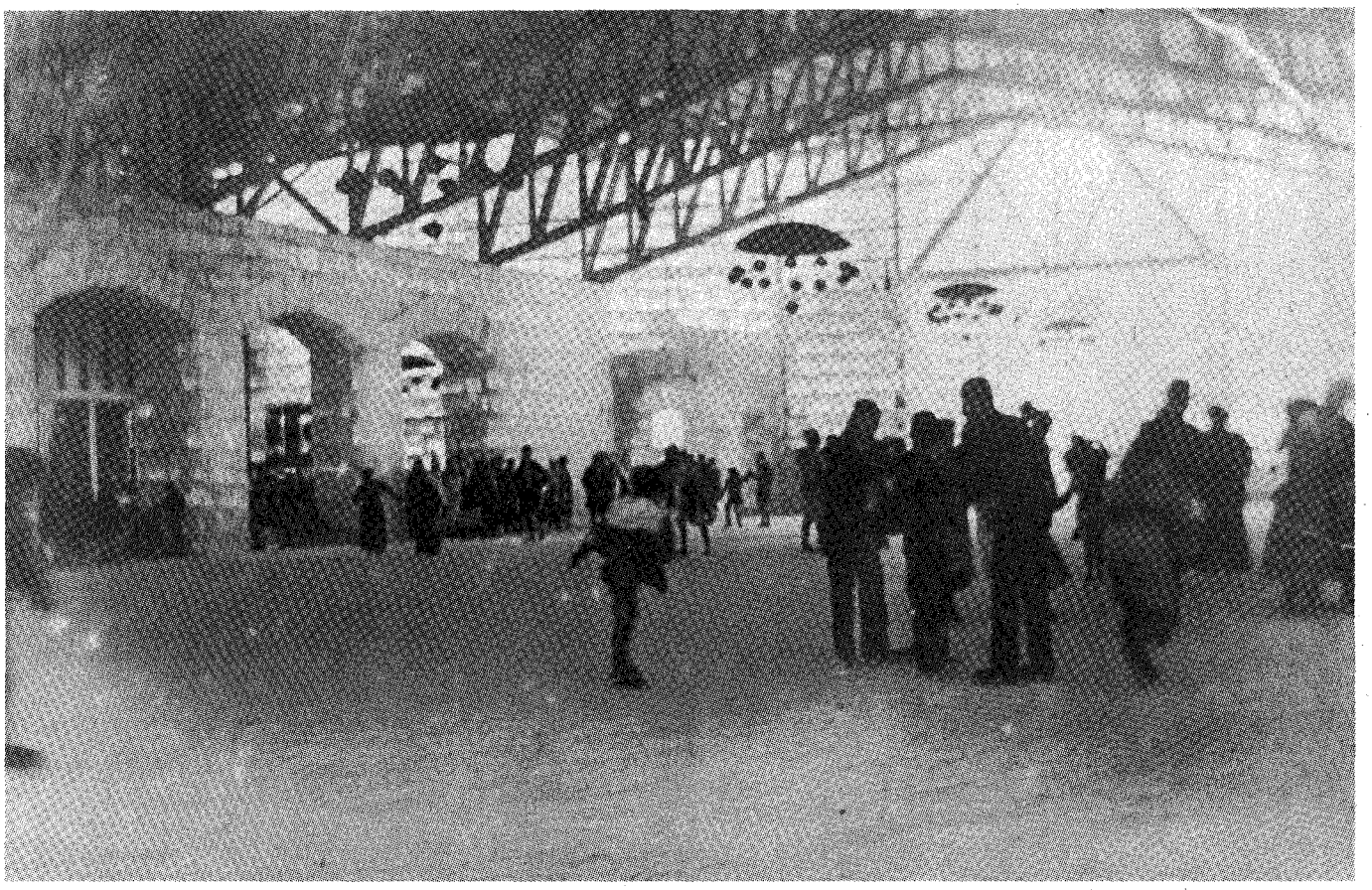

Denver Public Library, Western History Department

Inside the Leadville Ice Palace. The crowds were smaller than had been anticipated.

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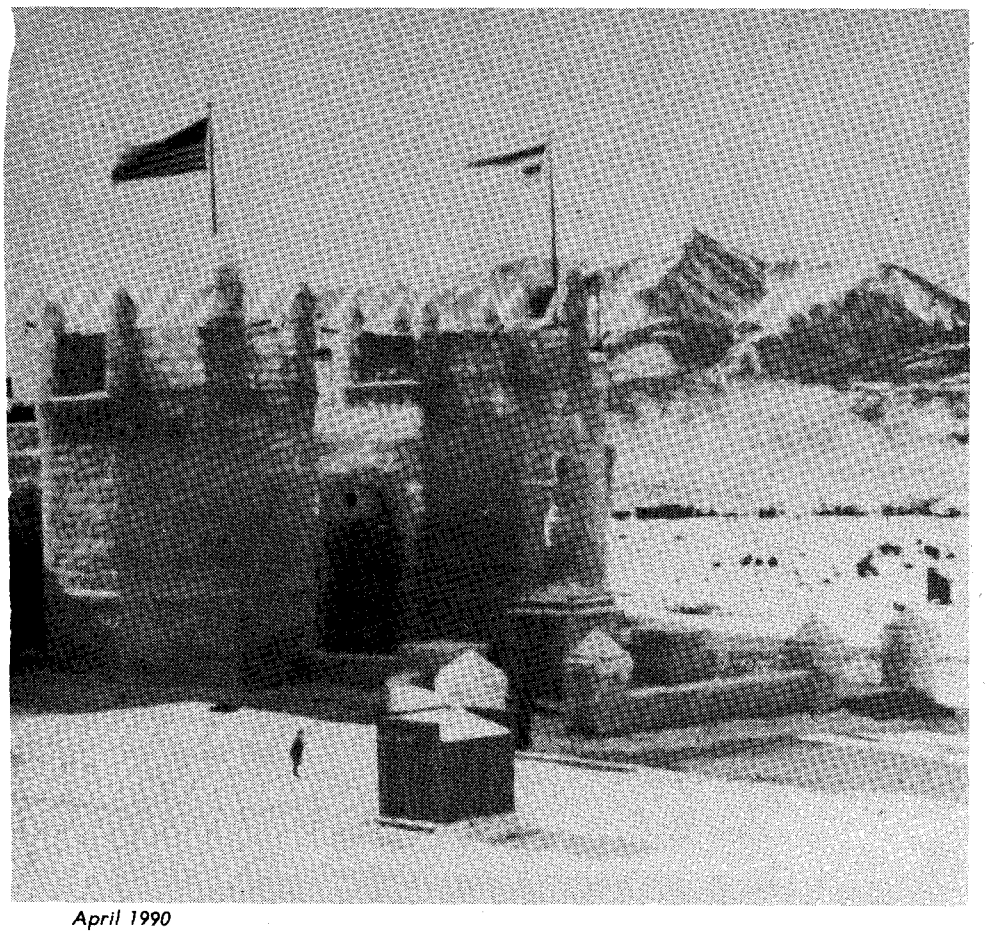

asked for, but he and the others were confident it could be done.

Wood lost no time in keeping the momentum going. He asked architect Charles E. Joy, who had designed and built ice castles in St. Paul in 1894 and one in Montreal in 1896, to come to Leadville immediately.

The stark silence that comes with a Rocky Mountain winter was shattered that November with the din of tree stumps being dynamited to clear the way for the Ice Palace. When the land was cleared, crews of workmen began erecting the wooden interior structures and outbuildings. The more than 260 workmen on the project were paid union wages. Common laborers received $2.50 per day, while skilled workers reaped the benefits of their talents and were paid $3.00 per day.

On the surrounding lakes, the ice blocks were sawed out by hand and hauled to shore with hooks, then carried to the construction site on sleds pulled by four-horse teams. It is estimated that over 5,000 tons of ice was used for the walls and towers of the palace. For mortar, water was used; it froze the blocks together. Day and night shifts worked through November and December to complete the project. Supporters hoped

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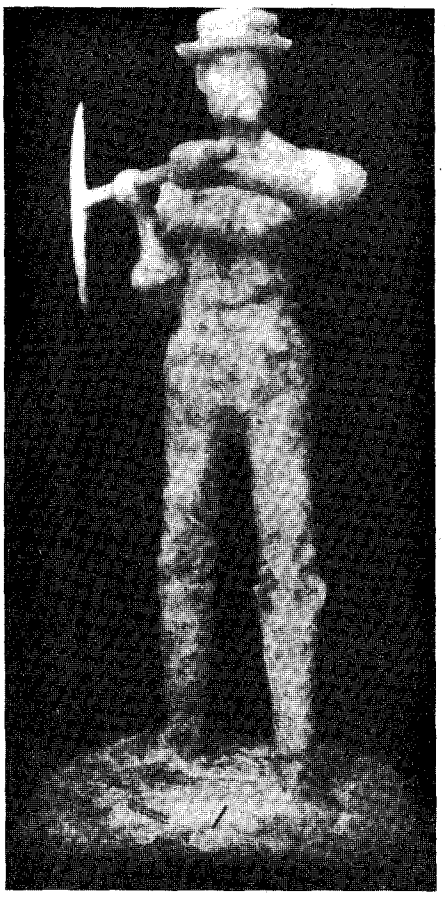
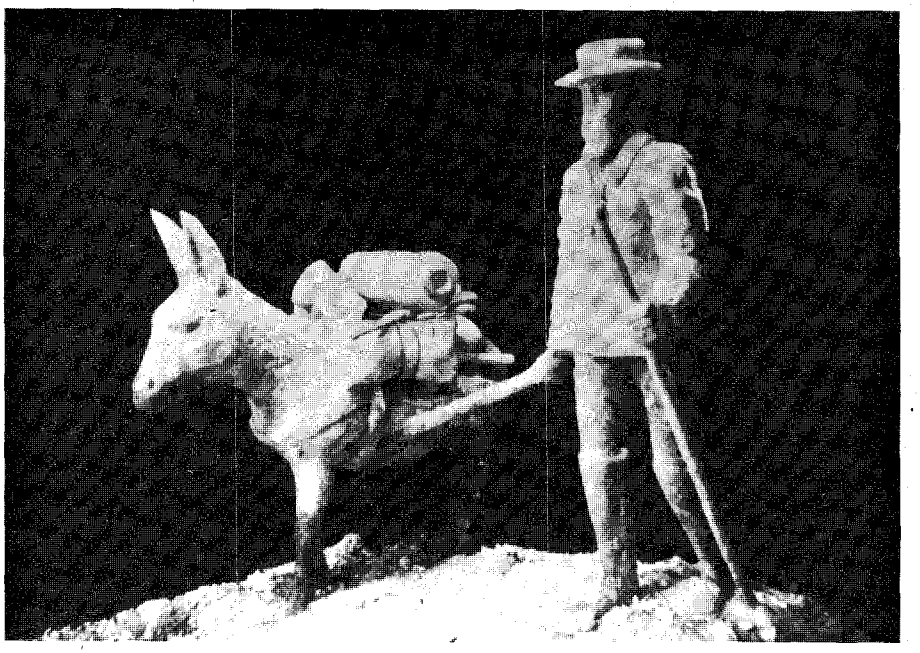




Both: Details from a Denver Public Library, Western History Department Photo

Numerous ice sculptures adorned the interior of the Leadville Ice Palace.

that the Ice Palace would be completed by Christmas, but an unusual warm spell in December nearly ruined the structure and slowed the workers' momentum. But the delay was not long, for the Ice Palace officially opened one week later on New Year's Day, 1896.

The final product was what everyone would have expected it to be in the West's greatest silver camp. Under one roof could be found a 16,000-square-foot ice skating rink, two ballrooms with floors made of Texas pine, music provided by the famous Fort Dodge Cowboy band, a restaurant and smaller food concessionaires, and magnificent displays of paintings, sculptures, and other exhibits, some of them frozen in ice. There were curling contests, speed skating contests, tugs of war, figure skating exhibitions, dancing competitions, and ice hockey tournaments.

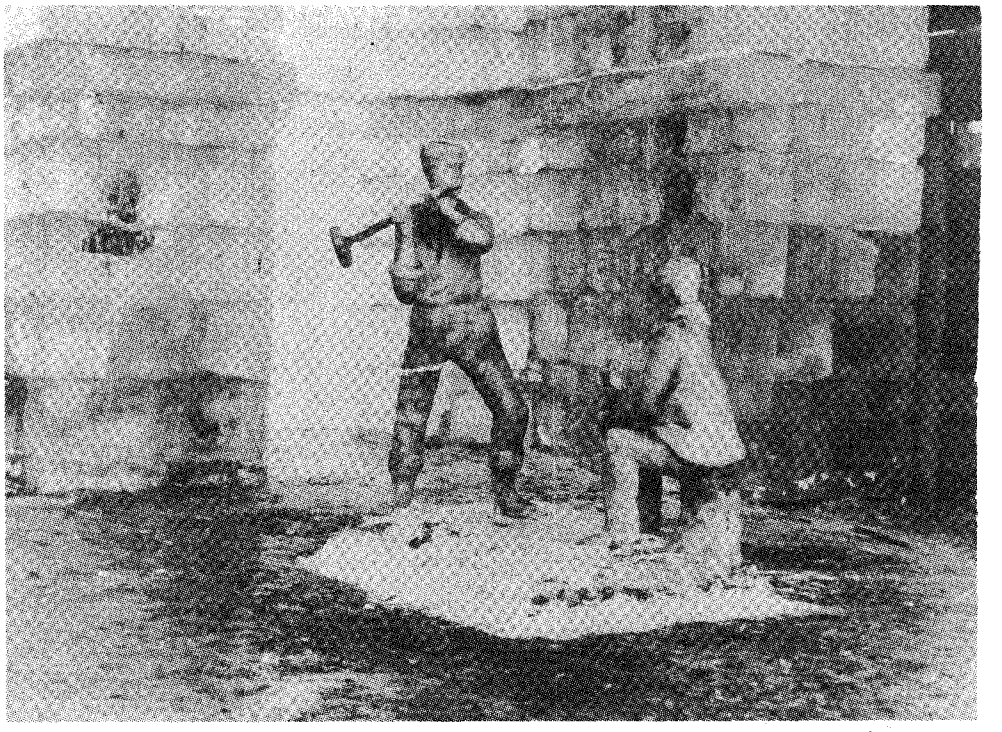
Prior to the Ice Palace's opening, the Leadville *Herald Democrat* wrote, "If anyone expects the carnival to be a tame affair they are greatly mistaken, for the word 'carnival' implies overstepping the bounds of decorum. The strait-laced had better snap their strings and expand for the occasion." The carnival was anything but tame.

It is estimated that the Ice Palace, which was built in the Norman castle style and covered five acres of ground, was the largest ice structure ever built in North America, much larger than the St. Paul structure and any of those built in Montreal between 1883 and 1896. It was 450 feet long and 320 feet wide. In today's terms that is one and one-half times longer than a football field and twice as wide.

The towers on the north were octagonal, standing 90 feet high and 126 feet in circumference. The south towers were 60 feet high, and the corner towers 45 feet high.

At the entrance stood a nineteen-foot-high statue entitled "Leadville." Over its outstretched arm was a scroll, on which were raised gold figures—the total sum of Leadville's past production of precious ore—$200 million.

Entering the massive rooms of the palace cost fifty cents, with additional



Denver Public Library, Western History Department Photo

An ice sculpture commemorating Leadville's mining spirit.

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fees for skating and dancing. Built beside the palace were two toboggan slides totaling 2,100 feet in length.

Hundreds of electric lights illuminated the structure, and at night it looked as if the silver ore which still lay beneath the ground had risen to create a kaleidoscope of brilliant colors.

In its Crystal Carnival edition published just two weeks before the palace opened, the Leadville *Herald Democrat* wrote, "People in the valleys are beginning to realize that Leadville is something more than a rude mining camp." With its construction Leadville let the world know it was alive and well. But for how long?

The greatest miscalculation in the planning of the Ice Palace and Carnival was the weather. Temperatures at that altitude usually remained well below freezing into April. But within ten weeks of the palace's opening, winter in the Rockies went on vacation; the temperatures rose, and the Ice Palace began to melt. On March 28 it was officially closed, bringing a sudden end to a monumental effort at rejuvenating Leadville.

With the palace now nothing more than a pile of watery slush, the great effort at a new vitality for Leadville had literally melted away. To compound the disappointment, the Ice Carnival was a financial failure. Although the complete business records of the Crystal Carnival Association were never published and have never been found, it is known that only $15,000 of the $20,000 originally promised to Wood had been raised, but well over $20,000 had been spent. Where the money to make up the difference came from no one really knows. It was not from the receipts of the carnival goers, for they barely paid for the day-to-day expenses of the Ice Carnival.

At the time, many Leadvillites cited the lack of patronage from other Colorado towns as the cause of the Carnival's financial problems. Not only did Leadville not receive the expected numbers of visitors, but those who did come did not spend much money. More often than not they arrived on the morning train with a sack lunch, paid their fifty cents admission to view the palace and its exhibits, then returned home on the evening train.

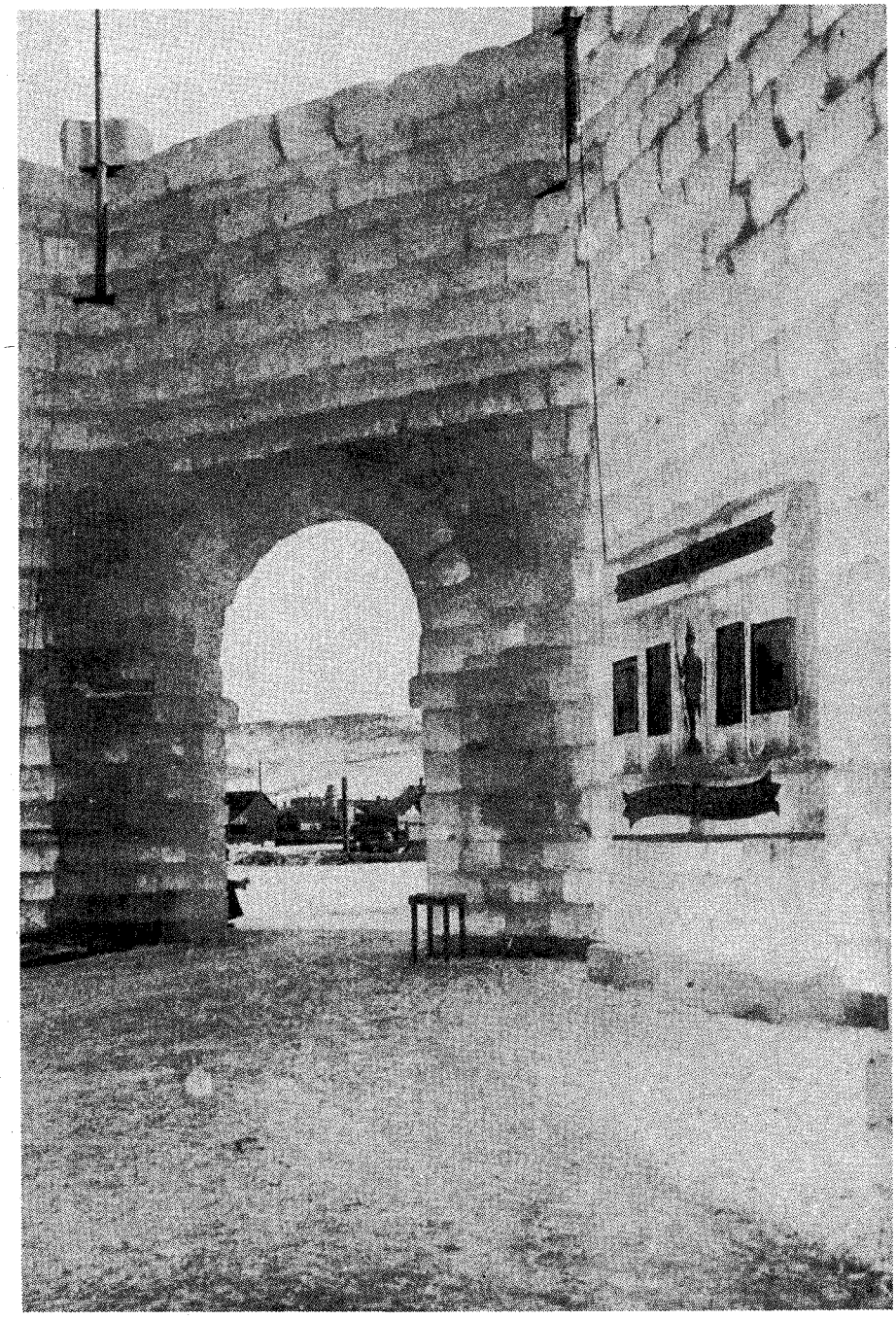
Perhaps, though, the people of Leadville were partly to blame for the dwindling support. The melting may have been a blessing in disguise for many who were growing weary of all the parades and costumes, fetes and fireworks, and strangers.

The Ice Palace was an impressive effort to bring renewed energy and strength to a town in the midst of decline. It did just that for a few months. But sometimes great notions are fleeting. This moment in the history of a remarkable mining town was as brief as the silver riches that had made the town great. It was a last grasp at notoriety and survival.

After the Ice Palace melted away, Leadville soon gained notice again, but the new notoriety would not be welcome.

On June 19, 1896, a miners' strike pushed the winter carnival into a quiet corner of the mind. The strike was a messy affair requiring the governor of Colorado to call out the National Guard. The wood structures that supported the tons of ice for the Ice Palace were torn down and used to build barracks for Camp McIntire, which housed the National Guardsmen ordered in to keep the peace.

For several more years the town limped along; the silver riches dwindled to nothing. People moved away to Denver, Cripple Creek, and other places that still held promise, and the Ice Palace, and Leadville, slipped into the past.



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An unwelcome warm spell brought on the Ice Palace's early demise.

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"Those Damned Goats!"

By WAYNE F. HYDE

AUTHOR'S NOTE: It was April 5, 1963, a rainy day. The place was the late J. Frank Dobie's Paisano *Ranch near Austin, Texas. I was there to tape-record interviews with Mister Frank, Dr. Walter Prescott Webb, and Fred Gipson, all of them noted authors, western historians, and lecturers. The meeting had been arranged by my old friend, Joe Austell "Hosstail" Small, founding publisher of TRUE WEST and several other magazines.*

I learned only when I got to Austin, and much to my regret, that Walter Webb had died of injuries he received in an automobile accident a few weeks before our interviews were to be recorded. He would be very much missed at our get-together.

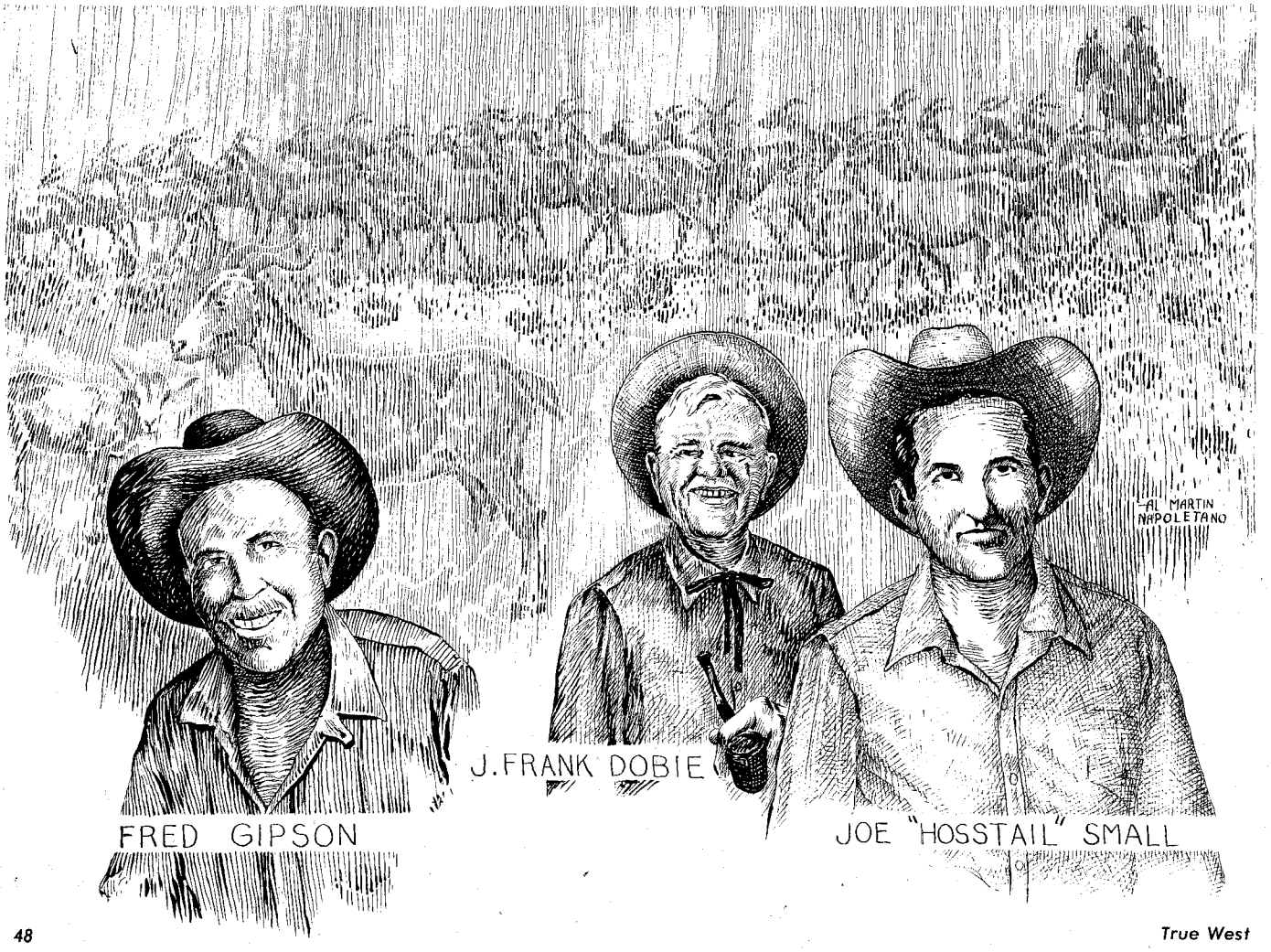
Mister Frank was working on his forthcoming book, Cow People, *and he said he could give me only two hours. That was to stretch into about seven, without any effort. What went on was not interviews at all. It turned out to be just good talk among men, old friends who understood each other and, yes, loved each other, too. I was an outsider, and I felt privileged to be there.*

Mister Frank and Fred Gipson, like Walter Webb, are gone now, but their writings are still among us. For me, their voices are here because I have them on tape. Joe Small, to whom I sent copies of the tapes, told me that the University of Texas in Austin now has these tapes in its permanent library.

Two excerpts of the recordings made on that chilly, rainy April day have appeared in TRUE WEST previously. This is the third. It is Fred Gipson's story—the way he told it, in his own words.

There were stories of the old-time cattle drives, tales of outlaws and lawmen, good yarns concerning the big ranches and how they got their brands, wonderfully-provoking belly laughs from Mister Frank's reminiscences of long ago. All of this that rainy April day while a log fire crackled and snapped in the fireplace at the old *Paisano* Ranch.

There was no lull in the conversation. Mister Frank told a story; Joe "Hosstail" Small remembered something else; Fred Gipson contributed an anecdote; I asked an occasional question. There was an easy-going relaxation about the entire day; everyone was enjoying the hours. The rain outside and the log fire inside seemed to contribute toward



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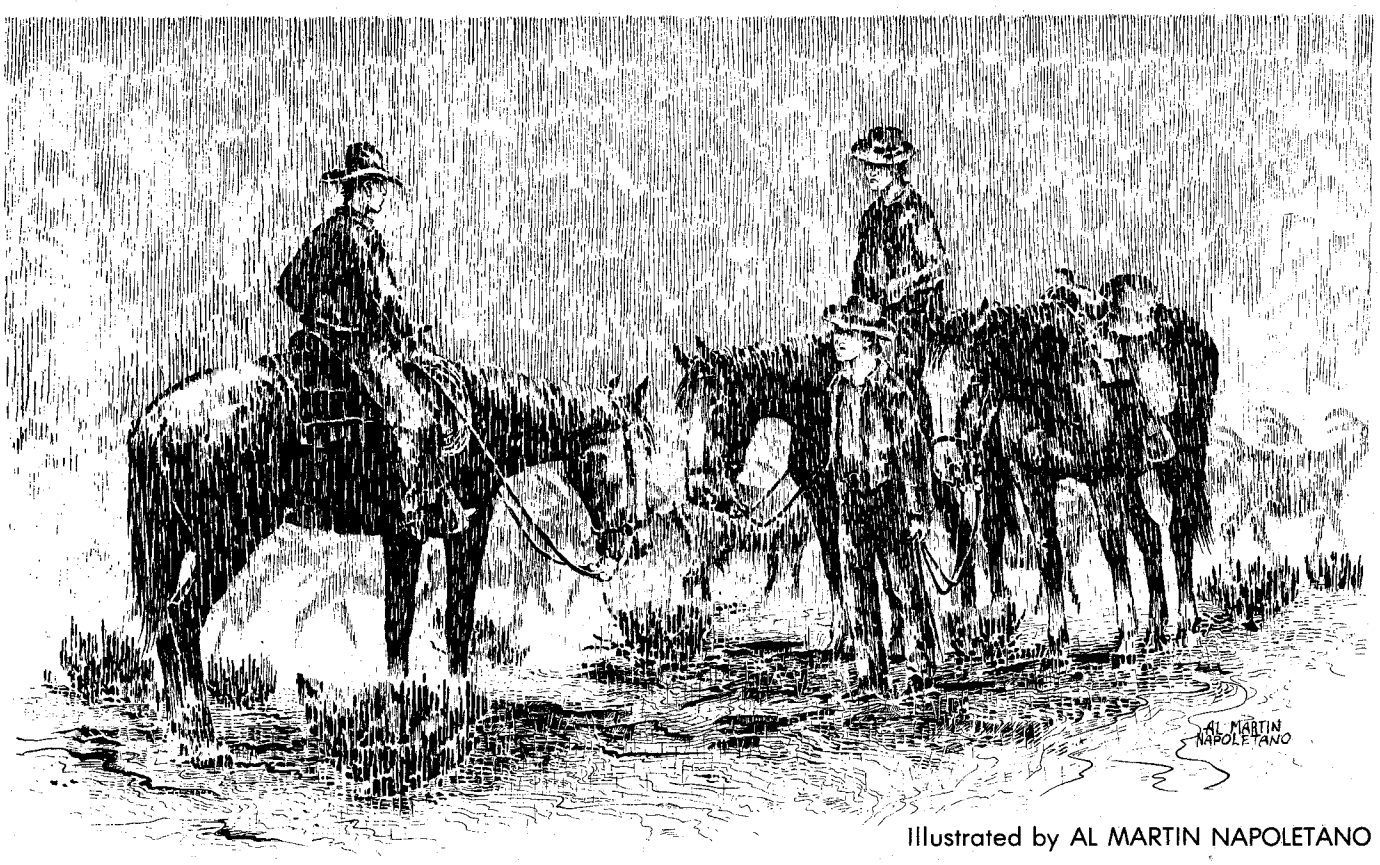

Illustrated by AL MARTIN NAPOLETANO

making it a time of just plain conversation. The amber-colored liquid in one of two bottles poured into glasses with some ice and branch water probably helped, too.

"Well, we were talking about the old-time cattle drives," Fred said. "Those were before my time, but I did drive goats one time when I was just a kid. Drove 'em for about ten days—and it *rained* all those ten days!"

Mister Frank grinned and nodded. "You wrote about that once, didn't you, Fred? Seems I remember that story."

"Well, I told Walter Webb about it," Fred said, "but I never did write about it." His eyes crinkled and his toothbrush mustache spread some in about a two-foot grin. "You know, old Walter told that story so many times after that, he got to claiming it for *himself*."

The old room at the *Paisano* heard the laughter. The sound echoed and played out, and Fred waited for someone to ask him to tell the story.

Hosstail said, "Well, go ahead, dammit. Tell us about it."

"Yeah," Mister Frank added. "I've heard it before—probably from Walter—but I'd like to hear it again."

So Fred told it.

"This was during the first World War. I was maybe fourteen, fifteen years old at the time, I don't remember. Anyway, there were few *men* around then. Most of them were in the war—in the military service.

"Well, the father of my brother-in-law—now see if you can figure out *that* relationship to me—he was moving a big herd of angora goats from—I believe it was the Blackwell ranch down to the old Jethro ranch in Mason County.

"I don't know how far we went. Maybe a hundred and fifteen, hundred and twenty miles. And old man Polk—my brother-in-law's father—had his two sons with that herd. There were about three thousand head of those angoras, and old man Polk split the herd up into three bunches, about five men to a bunch. I was with one bunch with a friend of mine named Duke Polk, a nephew of the old man, and even younger than I was. He was probably no more than twelve years old."

Fred paused, grinning, looking into the spark-spitting fireplace, thinking across a long rise of years, back to 1917.

"I never will forget that first afternoon we started out," he said. "We left about noon, headin' east. We had this thousand head of goats strung out—the bunch that *we* were responsible for—and, you know, that was one of the prettiest sights I ever saw. The sun on their backs, and they were just movin' along.

"As I said, I was young, but I thought it was just like a trail herd of *cattle* would be. But that was the last time, I think, on that whole drive, that we saw the sun—just that first afternoon. Because it started to rain that night and it never stopped, except for maybe a few minutes at a time."

"I never will forget that first afternoon we started out. We left about noon, headin' east. We had this thousand head of goats strung out—the bunch that we were responsible for—and, you know, that was one of the prettiest sights I ever saw. The sun on their backs, and they was just movin' along."

The friends—the listeners—each of us saw the sun shining on the backs of a thousand goats. Fred let us look at that sight for a moment. He knew how to tell a story.

"We had an old—I believe it was called a 'high-speed' Ford truck," he

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said then. "That was our chuck wagon. Automobiles were beginning to come in then out there. But that truck was old even *then*. And it wouldn't pull your hat off in a high wind.

"Well, it got to rainin' that night, and I was driving the chuck wagon part of the time and somebody else was driving it part of the time. Now, out in that country it was pretty rough, and once you started up one of those steep hills in that slick mud, that truck just wouldn't make it. So whoever was drivin' that thing then had to walk to catch up with the goat herd. Of course, the damned old truck had to follow the roads, as far as they went through the country, because the goats were going through pasture, and the truck just wouldn't go through those pastures in the mud and all. I swear, it was easier chasing that herd of goats than it was to drive that damned truck!"

"Hope you didn't try to drive it with your spurs on," Mister Frank said, punctuating his statement with his barking *haw-haw* laugh.

"It might have been better if I'd used spurs," Fred said. "But when the truck got stuck, whoever was drivin' then had to walk four or five miles—maybe even *ten* miles—and then he maybe couldn't find the herd, so he had to walk somewhere else to get horses and bring 'em back to the truck. Then you had to hitch 'em on there some way—two or three cowhorses, you know—just a-strainin' and a-draggin' to pull that old truck out of the mud, and then we'd move on again.

"Well, those damned goats! You know, they're worse than cattle. And they don't like to be cold and miserable. Well, I guess *nobody* does. But the mud would ball up on their feet until they could hardly walk, and still we were tryin' to push them along. And they'd stand there and *bleat*, you know. Well, I couldn't blame them. All of us were cold and miserable, too, and we all had mud all over us.

"And I remember after about three days and nights of this—camping out and all—and we didn't have proper bedding or anything else for that kind of weather. And we were eating wet, soggy food, even sleeping wet. And one thing I remember so well—how the bread—hard rolls and bread—was just *haired over* with mold!"

There were great shouts of laughter at that, and then more as Fred added, "We'd have to *trim* the damned bread just to eat any of it!"

Fred explained how goats don't like to cross water, and how, when they came to a small stream maybe ten feet wide and only three inches deep—"Well, those damned goats just couldn't take that. They just couldn't cross that water. So we'd ride across that little stream and then rope maybe forty or fifty goats out of the herd and we'd *drag* 'em across the stream. Hopin', you know, that the others would then follow. Well, they *wouldn't* follow. And then, if you didn't watch those you'd already roped and dragged across, they'd suddenly stampede and go back across the stream to join the rest of that herd. They didn't seem to mind crossing the water *then*, but they sure did when we wanted to get them going in the right direction."

As Fred told it, they herded those goats for days and days through the soaking rain, and it took maybe a good hour to get them across a small stream—and there were many streams, what with all the rain.

"I think I was walking in water more than I was on a horse," Fred said, "and I had my boot soles so—well, so *soaked off*—and they'd curled back. It happened to all of us, and we had to get some bailing wire and tie 'em up just so they'd stay on."

The listeners broke up laughing again, and there were some side comments about "soaked-off" boot soles. One of the two bottles of Mister Frank's favorite Scotch went the rounds again, and when all was poured, Fred Gipson once more had our attention.

"This kid, Duke Polk, and I would get riled at these damned goats from time to time, and we'd pick up a rock or a stick, just trying to get those poor miserable creatures along there. I should mention, too, that it was acorn time—when the live oaks were shedding. And those goats love acorns. And when it was raining—and it did all the time, almost—well, they wouldn't eat anything. But the minute the sun popped out for maybe thirty minutes, those goats would go to eating acorns—and they'd just be scattered wide all over the place.

"But we'd keep pushing them along, scrubbing along, and we got to chunking those poor goats with rocks and sticks and things.

"NOW, NED Polk—Duke's cousin—wasn't more than maybe twenty-two, twenty-three at the time, and it was his responsibility to see that we got the goats all the way through without losing any, or the goats getting hurt and what all. So he came back and saw us chunking the goats with rocks and things, and he really ate us out about it. We didn't pay a whole lot of attention to it, and the next time we found some goats that wouldn't move, we went to throwing rocks at them again."

Hosstail Small laughed. "I think I know what's going to happen."

Fred nodded. "It did happen, Joe, as you might expect. One of us—and I'd like to think it was Duke, but maybe not—threw something at one of those damned goats a little too hard and broke its hind leg.

"And, wouldn't you know, Ned Polk rode up at just that time. It was *pourin'* down rain then, I remember. Well, Ned was as wet and miserable as any of us, and he was just wearin' his feelings right out there on his shirtsleeves like all of us. And it was his responsibility to get those goats through. Well, he really got onto both of us. Chewed us up one side and down the other, and when he'd had his say, he left.

"Well, as I said, Duke Polk was maybe twelve years old at that time. We were up around a place called Seven Hundred Springs then, on the South Llano River, in rough country. And Duke was sittin' in his saddle, his hat turned down in the rain, and the tears was just streamin' out of his eyes 'cause old Ned had been eatin' on him so. And he looked up at me and shook his head—and I remember the rain fallin' off his hat brim—and he said, 'Fred, you know, dammit, if I knowed the way home I'd just quit right here!'"

Fred waited for his laugh, and then said, "Well, hell, I was just like Duke. I didn't know the way home either, or I'd have probably quit, too."

"What'd you get for pay in those days, Fred?" Mister Frank asked.

"Duke was sittin' in his saddle, his hat turned down in the rain, and the tears was just streamin' out of his eyes 'cause old Ned had been eatin' on him so. And he looked up at me and shook his head. . . and he said, 'Fred, you know, dammit, if I knowed the way home I'd just quit right here!'"

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"Maybe fifty cents a day?"

"Oh, I don't know, Frank. Might even have been as much as a dollar a day."

Mister Frank nodded. "Good money back then—a dollar a day. Especially for a fifteen-year-old kid."

"Yeah," Fred said. "And we drove those damned goats for ten days. That's ten dollars. It wasn't much worth it through all that rain."

"Well, don't just leave us all standin' there in the mud and rain," Joe Small urged. "Go on with the story."

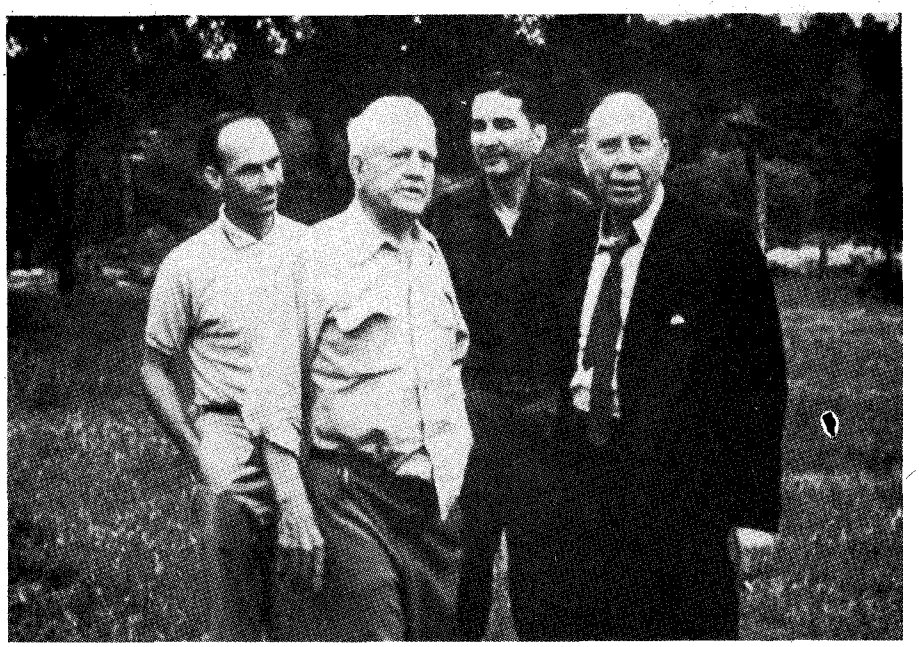
Fred did. The goat herders had come to a place called the Live Oak Ranch on the head of the Little Devil's River, a ranch owned by a man named Rial. It was, in those days, the courtesy and the custom of the country to take in anybody who came by.

"Well, there we came in—all of us muddy and dirty and wet. But old man Rial took us in there. He had us pen up our goats there; he had a place for them. And we had to eat supper with them—with him and his family. That's the way it was in those days, you know, that hospitality. Well, there wasn't—there isn't—anything like that today, I think.

"They had a real feast for us. Boy, I *mean* it was a feast! We ate at a table like I'd never eaten at before; it was so elaborate and lavish.

"AND, WELL, I was too young and too hesitant about asking questions, and afterward they furnished us all with beds. It was a big place they had there. And I never will forget going to bed that night. You know I was too shy to ask where I could take a bath and wash up. And I'd been out there in the rain and sleepin' on the wet ground—*wadin'* in that wet ground. And I remember crawling in between those white sheets with mud between my toes. You don't know how awful I felt!"

Again, a wild *haw-haw* reaction to Fred's words, ricochetting off the old walls of the *Paisano*, as I think we all tried to visualize the balding, mustached, soldily-built Fred Gipson as a fifteen-year-old kid too shy to ask where he could wash up. This was the kid who would later write—from his own experiences—a few hundred stories for publication and several best-selling books. This was the shy kid who would later tell the famous Walt Disney—in Disney's own Hollywood offices—when a point of disagreement arose on one of Fred's books that Disney was making into a picture, "Now, dammit, Walt, you've got a jackrabbit running into a hollow log in this thing! Well, jackrabbits just do *not* run into hollow logs!"



Left to right: The author with J. Frank Dobie, Joe Small, and Fred Gipson.

Fred made his point. In the movie, the jackrabbit did *not* run into the hollow log. Hosstail Small told me that story. He should know; he was with Fred in Disney's office that day.

But on that April day in 1963, at the *Paisano*, Fred wasn't quite finished with his story. How dirty he was that long-ago day in 1917 stood out in his mind.

"I was just ashamed and embarrassed as a kid might be, you know, to get into this nice warm bed with clean white sheets and everything, and I was just dirty all *over*. If I'd had sense enough to ask, I know they'd have furnished me with a bathroom. But, I tell you, it seemed to me that I was just a whole *stick* of mud when I climbed into that nice clean bed."

Mr. Rial never said a word about it. He was, Fred said, too much of a gentleman to mention it. When the goat herders left, Mr. Rial even had some of his cowhands help take the goats through his pastures.

"We finally got those damned goats on through," Fred continued. "We got them all the way down to the Jethro outfit, and there was Ned Polk, all concerned about how many goats he'd lost—especially since he had kids like Duke and me on the drive. And when they counted them out, they found they had about twenty-five, thirty extra goats we'd picked up along the way somewhere. I guess we'd picked up three here and five there and a couple somewhere else, and, well, old Ned just sort of let the owners decide about the number. But they didn't say anything about the extra twenty-five or thirty we'd brought in. I guess they just kept them."

I seem to remember a round of warm applause then, because Fred had finished his story. It was the sort of thing you might expect from old friends—good storytellers themselves—in appreciation of a story well-told.

It was a day I will never forget in my lifetime. Mister Frank had politely told me that he could give me two hours for the interview. We started at about ten in the morning. It was almost seven that same evening before we all left. At noon we'd stopped the recording. I thought that was about it. Mister Frank made lunch for all of us. Refried beans, beef, a salad, even some of Mrs. Dobie's homemade cookies. We all helped with the cleaning up and the dish-washing. Then we went back to more recording.

When I made a token protest, reminding Mister Frank that he'd said only two hours, that he still had some writing to do on his book, he said, "Well, hell, talking's easier than writing."

One final note: In June of 1975 Joe "Hosstail" Small and I visited the graves of Mister Frank and Walter Webb and Fred Gipson. Then Hosstail said something typical of him, and perhaps with some difficulty.

"You know, Wayne, these three men were among the greatest storytellers of the West. And here they are now, all buried so close together. I wouldn't be a bit surprised if they—all three of them—still get together now and then to swap stories even now."

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The Fall and Rise of DAVE TUCKER

By GARY MEIER

Shielding his eyes from the westering Oregon sun, the young man waited nervously on his horse. He and his two companions had a clear view down Third Street from their position on Schoolhouse Hill, a quarter-mile east of the bank, and they were watching for a signal. If everything was all right, two men would come out of the bank and walk slowly back and forth across the street.

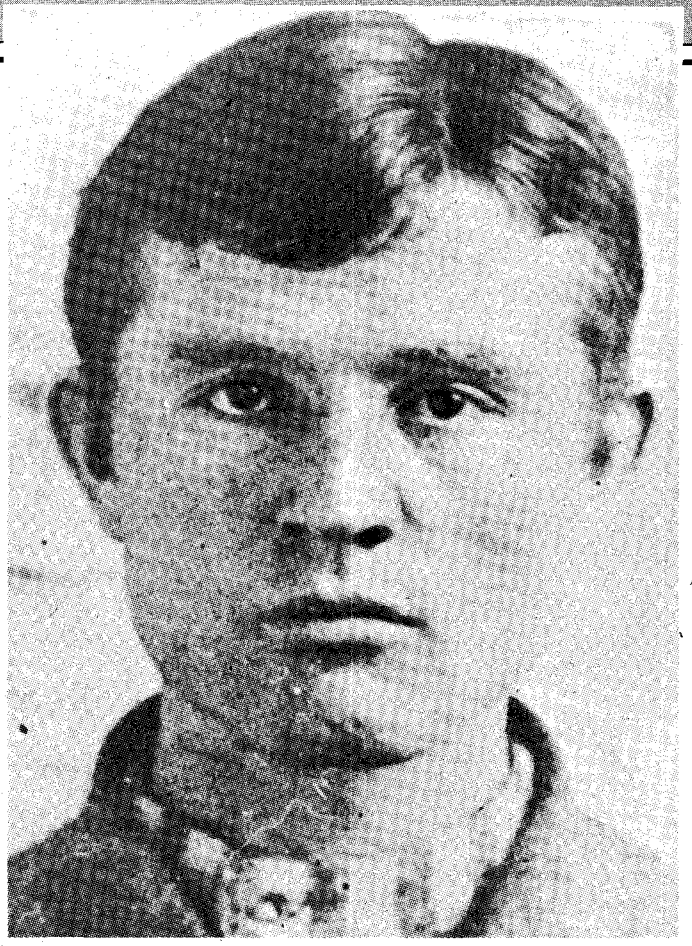
The young man on the hill was David Tucker, and his companions were Cy Fitzhugh and Jim Brown. It was almost three o'clock on the afternoon of October 1, 1896, and they were getting ready to rob the Joseph bank.

The community of Joseph, nestled picturesquely in the high Wallowa Valley of eastern Oregon, was a trading center for a large, stock growing region. Once the home of Chief Joseph and his band of Nez Perce, the "Valley-of-Winding-Waters" kept a tenuous hold on prosperity in the 1890s during the financial depression that had swept the entire country. The stockmen and farmers in the district had faith in their local economy, and they had faith in their bank, the First Bank of Joseph. It had never failed and it had never been robbed.

How Dave Tucker came to be waiting on that hill is not difficult to understand. Though he was a friendly, well-liked young man, Dave already had been in trouble with the law. He later recalled that it was considered a sort of game among the young men to put their brands on maverick cattle, and he joined in the game. The result was that Dave spent almost a year in prison, from 1894 to 1895, for cattle rustling.

Dave Tucker was born in Fuller County, Arkansas, on February 12, 1871. He arrived in the Wallowa country with his parents by wagon train when he was five years old. His father took a homestead on Prairie Creek, east of the future site of Joseph, and there young Dave was raised. Schooling was sporadic for the youth, for schools were open only about three months of the year. When Dave was old enough he began herding sheep for Peter Beaudoin, a French Canadian sheep rancher from Quebec, who was to become a major influence in his later life.

After his short stretch in the Salem penitentiary, Dave Tucker held a variety of jobs on the Wallowa Valley sheep and cattle spreads, and he worked on threshing crews harvesting vast acres of wheat. He was known to be industrious and a good hand to have around for hard work. Then he met Cy Fitzhugh.



Oregon State Penitentiary

David G. Tucker, circa 1897. Shot down as a bank robber in 1896, he rose to become vice-president of the same bank he had robbed.

Cyrus Fitzhugh and Dave Tucker became acquainted while they were working on a threshing crew in the summer of 1896. Fitzhugh was a stranger to the Joseph area, a tough drifter who regaled Tucker with tales of the daring adventures, including robberies, he had partaken of around the West. He had been hanging around the Wallowa Valley saloons for a few months, working on and off and telling people he was a prospector. But in fact, he told Tucker, he was nosing about for a good robbery opportunity.

Also on the threshing crew that summer was another drifter named Jim Brown. Together Fitzhugh and Brown approached Dave Tucker with a proposition for easy money. They wanted him to help them rob the Joseph bank. Tucker, who later said he was "soft and ignorant," had already been impressed by the persuasive, crafty Cy Fitzhugh. After a number of discussions he agreed to join them.

The plan called for the assistance of two other local men: Ben Ownbey and a Joseph saloon keeper named John Martin. Ownbey and Martin were to enter the bank as if on business, while Fitzhugh, Brown, and Tucker waited on the nearby knoll known as Schoolhouse Hill. If everything looked all right in the bank, Ownbey and Martin would come out and walk slowly back and forth from the bank to the building on the other side of Third Street. The trio on the hill, with an unobstructed view of the bank at Third and Main streets, would then ride down and pull the robbery.

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The planned escape route was south on Main Street and on out of town toward Wallowa Lake. Fresh horses would be staked in a grove of trees southeast of town. The gang would ride hard, lay low, and later meet with Ownbey and Martin to divide the spoils.

ON THURSDAY, October 1, 1896, the boys were ready. A large wool deal had been consummated recently, and Fitzhugh figured there would be at least $8,000 in the bank. The fresh horses had been tied in the trees a few miles out of town; Ownbey and Martin were en route to the bank; and Tucker, Fitzhugh, and Brown were on Schoolhouse Hill, waiting for the signal.

The mounted men watched their two confederates walk into the bank. In a few minutes Ownbey and Martin sauntered back out, slowly crossed the street, and leisurely returned to the bank and went inside. The raid was on. The three men on the hill rode down to Third Street and tied their horses to a wagon that stood on the street in front of Cole's blacksmith shop near the bank.

Running alongside the bank toward the front door, the robbers pulled masks up over their faces. Cy Fitzhugh, armed with a shotgun, entered first, followed closely by Jim Brown. Dave Tucker remained outside the front door with his gun drawn to keep people away. But almost immediately, J.A. Hooper, a townsman who was walking across the street from the bank saw the armed, masked men enter, and he yelled, "Those men are going to hold up the bank." Dave Tucker leveled his gun at Hooper and ordered him to come across the street. The frightened man crossed the street with his hands raised.

Inside the bank, Fitzhugh quickly announced the holdup and lined up the employees and customers, while covering them with his shotgun. John Martin and Ben Ownbey, posing as customers, were kept at bay with the others so that their connection would not be known. J.D. McCully, acting as cashier in the absence of the regular cashier, was forced to gather the money and put it in a bag held by Jim Brown.

Meanwhile, the situation outside was heating up. Alex Donnelly and W.H. Burton, who were in a building across from the bank, heard Hooper yell something about the bank being robbed. Seeing a masked gunman standing outside the bank's front door, Donnelly and Burton ran out the back of their building and separated. Donnelly ran down Main Street giving the alarm while Burton hurried to the nearby Third Street house of Fred Wagner.

Upon learning of the robbery in progress, twenty-four-year-old Fred Wagner loaded his Winchester .45-75 rifle and crept cautiously outside, where he had a view to the front of the bank, a half-block away.

At the same time, businessman Fred McCully was en route to the bank to deposit money. Alex Donnelly swept past him, blurting a warning that the bank was being held up, but McCully, thinking it was a joke, went on. When he reached the corner bank entrance and ran smack into the masked gunman standing guard, McCully realized Donnelly had been serious. He was ushered inside and made to contribute to the gang's shotgun withdrawal.

THE SMALL town was becoming aware of the robbery, and the men inside were taking too long. Dave Tucker was doing the best he could, but he began to see furtive figures darting here and there among buildings. Some of the braver townspeople were watching from out in the open. Tucker warned several away with his gun, then hollered inside to Fitzhugh and Brown to hurry up.

Finally, the two robbers emerged from the bank. Brown held the bag containing $2,000, and Fitzhugh still had control of the captives, prodding them outside with his shotgun. After turning the bank customers north on Main

Author's Photo

The main street of Joseph, Oregon, around the time of the bank robbery and shootout.

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Street, Fitzhugh, Tucker, and Brown attempted their getaway, turning east along the Third Street side of the bank toward their horses.

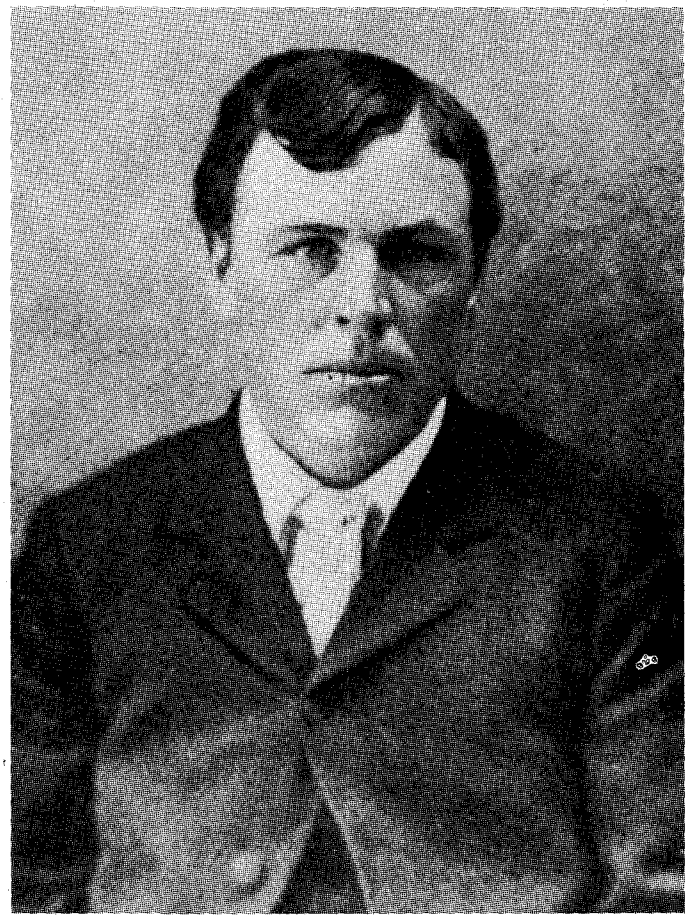
Once the hostages were in the clear, Fred Wagner went into action. He had positioned himself west of the bank on Third Street with his big .45-75, and now he took a bead on the escaping robbers. His first shot missed, and Dave Tucker returned fire, the bullet striking close to Wagner. Wagner aimed at the man with the money bag, Jim Brown, and fired again. This time his aim was true, and Brown was drilled through the chest. He fell dead on the street on top of the money bag.

Other townsmen with rifles were also shooting at the fleeing bank robbers from concealed positions. In a hail of bullets, Cy Fitzhugh ran to Jim Brown, rolled the dead outlaw's body over, and grabbed the money bag. He then continued his sprint for the horses.

Meanwhile, Dave Tucker was also trying to get to the wagon where the horses were tied. As he reached the rear corner of the bank, another shot from Fred Wagner struck Tucker's gun hand, tearing off his trigger finger and part of his thumb. He turned abruptly into the alley at the back of the bank, but was almost immediately shot again. Alex Donnelly, after running up Main Street shouting the alarm, had procured a shotgun and gone around in back of the bank building, entering through a rear door. As Dave Tucker came past the alley door, Donnelly fired. Several of the buckshot hit Tucker in the side. He managed to keep running some distance, but was finally captured by H.P. Throe a couple of blocks away.

The only robber to reach the horses was Cy Fitzhugh, who leapt on his horse amid flying bullets and galloped south out of town toward the low hills east of nearby Wallowa Lake.

On the road out of town Fitzhugh met Bill Marr, the city marshal, who was coming into Joseph from his home on Marr Flat. Marr was unaware of the robbery and was surprised when the man riding toward him began shooting. One of the bullets ripped through Marr's shirt. The marshal was unarmed and could not pursue the mysterious horseman. Marr rode to a nearby house at the edge of town, where he borrowed a gun, then quickly returned to where he had been fired upon. He followed the horseman's trail a short distance east into the lake hills, but lost the track and turned back toward town to find out what happened.



Author's Photo

Fred Wagner, who killed robber James Brown and wounded Dave Tucker as they ran for their horses.

As Bill Marr reached Joseph he was met by a posse in pursuit of the escaping bank robber. He was quickly apprised of events at the bank, and he told them that he had sighted and been shot at by their quarry. The marshal and the posse rode to the point where he had last seen Fitzhugh, and from there they started their search. Ironically, one of the posse members was Ben Ownbey, who had checked the bank and signaled the robbers.

The posse located the cottonwood copse on the east side of the lake hills where the outlaws' change of horses had been stationed. Fitzhugh had taken a fresh mount. Ben Ownbey and a man named Burnap were sent back to town with Fitzhugh's horse and two remaining fresh horses, while the rest of the posse continued the pursuit east toward the Snake River.

On Saturday, October 3, two days after the robbery, the posse had completely lost Fitzhugh's track and returned to Joseph. Later that day, Marion Cloverdale, a Prairie Creek rancher who had been on the Snake River trail beyond where the posse lost the outlaw's sign, reported to lawmen that he had seen and recognized Cyrus Fitzhugh riding hard toward the Snake.

Wallowa County Sheriff E.J. Forsythe was notified at his office in Enterprise and a new posse of lawmen was formed, including Joseph City Marshal Bill Marr. Trails into the Snake River Canyon fastness were scoured with no success. Information on the fugitive was sent to Washington, Idaho, and Montana, and Wallowa County Deputy Sheriff Ed Cates was put on Fitzhugh's trail. He spent over two months searching for the robber, but returned empty-handed. Cy Fitzhugh was never caught, and his whereabouts remained unknown.

After Dave Tucker was shot twice and captured, he was taken to Dr. Barnard's office for treatment. Soon he was hauled into court for a preliminary hearing, where he pled guilty to the bank robbery charge and was sentenced to seven years in the Oregon State Penitentiary at Salem.

It was later learned that Ben Ownbey had been involved in the robbery. Upon being charged, he, too, pled guilty and was sentenced to a five-year prison term. John Martin was also tried but freed due to lack of evidence.

Dave Tucker's prison sentence for robbing the First Bank of Joseph might have been the end of this story, but it was not. The twenty-five-year-old bank robber served over four years of his sentence, working in the prison shops and in the mail office. He was a model prisoner and was released in 1901. Upon his release Dave went to Washington and Idaho looking for work, but found none. He then returned to the Wallowa Valley to face his crushed parents and friends and to try building a new life.

Fortunately, Pete Beaudoin, the kindly French Canadian sheep rancher,

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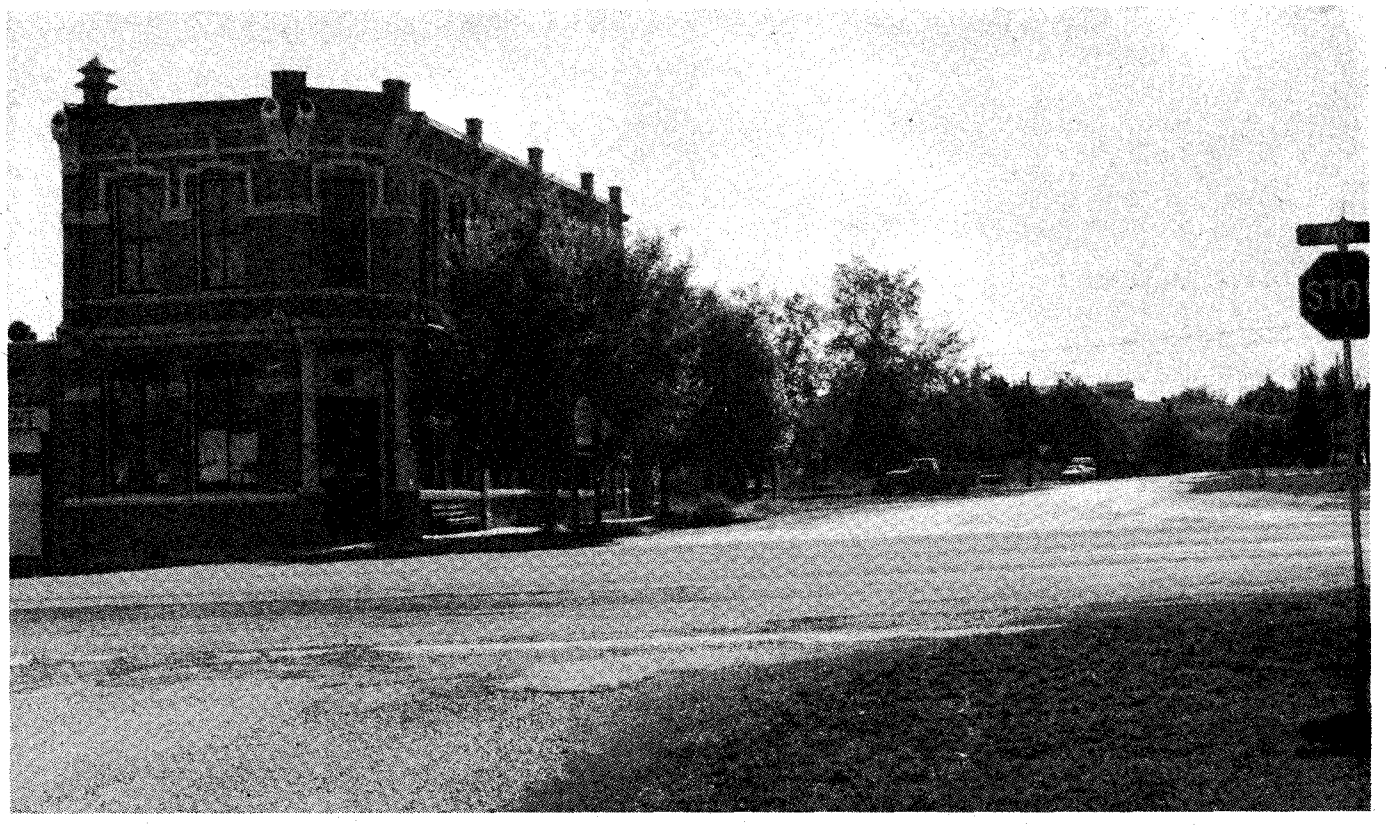

Author's Photo

The site of the Joseph bank robbery of 1896. Dave Tucker stood guard on the steps after riding down from Schoolhouse Hill (in background). The shootout occurred on Third Street alongside the bank. Fred Wagner shot Dave Tucker and Jim Brown from about where the photographer is standing.

put Tucker to work as a herder and camp tender. He worked for Beaudoin for several years, and in 1905, with a band of lambs bought from his employer, Dave went out on his own.

After running his sheep in the Snake River country, Dave sold them and purchased 2,000 head of two-year-old ewes. From then on he was in the sheep business. When he was financially able, he acquired land and over the years accumulated 1,200 acres. He also bought cattle and raised beef as well as sheep.

In 1906 Dave married Minnie Proebstel, a local girl he had known before he went to prison. They had three children, and with his small family the rehabilitated robber was well on his way to a successful life. As the years passed, Tucker became one of the largest and most respected stockmen in the county. He was made head of the Wallowa Valley Improvement District, and he was a director of the school district.

Over the years he remained painfully aware of his debt to those he had wronged. He felt he had never fully atoned for his part in the Joseph bank robbery. As he became prosperous he helped many people in Joseph and the Wallowa Valley with gifts and loans of money. He was well-liked and trusted, a responsible leading citizen of the area.

And finally, in 1928, twenty-seven years after his release from prison, Dave Tucker was elected vice-president of the former First Bank of Joseph, by then renamed the Joseph State Bank. He had traveled a long trail from that day in October 1896, when he stood with mask and gun at the intersection of Third and Main. Perhaps Dave Tucker was the only man in history to become an officer of the same bank he robbed.

Author's Photo

Dave Tucker (right) and Pete Beaudoin (left), the man who helped him after prison.

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Traveling Companion

ROADSIDE HISTORY OF NEW MEXICO. *Francis L. and Roberta B. Fugate. Mountain Press Publishing Company, Missoula, Montana 59806. $26.95 cloth bound, $15.95 paper bound.*

Physically New Mexico covers a lot of square miles; you could lose a number of the smaller, more densely populated eastern states within its borders. For this reason, and others, New Mexico is ethnically, geographically, and historically diverse.

In Albuquerque some homeowners reside on fifty-foot lots, while in other parts of New Mexico, folks often live fifteen miles from their nearest neighbors. The southern part of the state is desert; the northern portion sports a mantle of towering mountains covered with lush evergreen forests. The eastern border is often referred to as "Little Texas" because of the preponderance of cowboy types and, in contrast, enclaves of Hispanics reside in isolated northern villages where their ancestors have lived for centuries. Albuquerque, itself, has become so cosmopolitan that it is sometimes hard to find a "native" New Mexican there.

Those vast differences undoubtedly made writing *Roadside History of New Mexico* a complex and time-consuming task. The authors, a husband-and-wife team, decided to divide the state into eleven regions, each with its own distinctive historical past, and within those regions they tell at least a little about almost every city, village, or wide spot in the road. Additionally, each region is prefaced by a brief historical overview of the entire area.

New Mexico's rich history is incomparable. Here dinosaur remains have been found, as well as artifacts from the prehistoric Folsom and Sandia Men and remnants of the ancient Anasazi civilization. Other inhabitants have left their traces from earliest time right up to the birth of the atomic age which took place at Los Alamos and the White Sands. Along the way, through the centuries, clues of many lives were left behind: Indian pottery shards, western ghost towns, Civil War battlefields, abandoned mines, ancient adobe churches, yellowed documents and newspapers, petroglyphs, weathered hand-hewn grave markers, and the ruts of the Santa Fe Trail, to name only a few.

The project was so large that the Fugates, despite their forty years of living in, traveling around, writing about, and investigating the history of the Southwest and New Mexico, had to rely on some previously published materials. Unfortunately, in one or two instances, they repeat colorful stories whose authenticity has been questioned by revisionist historians in recent years. That, however, is a minor shortcoming considering the quality and quantity of factual material presented.

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pages, many black and white illustrations, useful maps, a comprehensive bibliography to assist the reader in further research about any subject which he has found of interest, and a large and excellent index. The book is part of an ongoing publishing project—the Mountain Press Publishing Company's Roadside History Series—and it is apparent that the company and its authors have arrived at a really workable format for such books.

The Roadside History of New Mexico is highly recommended to any history buff planning a trip to any part of the state. It will answer almost any question which might arise while driving through an area and, additionally, give the reader/traveler a real feel for the essence of the land and its unique past.—*Jacqueline Dorgan Meketa, Albuquerque, New Mexico.*

Forty Years of Service

"PECOS BILL": A MILITARY BIOGRAPHY OF WILLIAM R. SHAFTER. *By Paul H. Carlson. Texas A&M University Press, Drawer C, College Station, Texas 77843-4354. $34.95 cloth bound.*

We are "up to here" with biographies of light Colonel Custer, famed for his narrow squeak of a draw at the Washita and his disastrous defeat at the Little Bighorn. It is really time that we turned our attention to competent, if less flamboyant, officers of the Indian Wars—the Van Dorns, Carrs, and Merritts.

So it is a real pleasure to see this well-researched biography of a soldier who is remembered, if at all, for his President Taft-like bulk and for presumably bungling our expedition to Cuba during the Spanish-American War. While hardly the ideal choice as commander (from age and health aspects, alone), he does not deserve to be the scapegoat for an army unprepared for either war or tropical diseases. (And it is a canard that the portly Shafter had to be hoisted into the saddle with a block and tackle.)

An abrasive commanding officer out West, Shafter was not liked by his officers and men—yet his regiments had low desertion rates. Though hardly brilliant, he was an energetic and competent officer during forty years of service. He soldiered from the Civil War Battle of Fair Oaks in 1862 to—and beyond—Wounded Knee in 1891, where he helped restore peace. Shafter served all over the map—Dakota Territory, Arizona Territory, California—but was most useful in Texas. He scouted and mapped both sides of the Pecos River, hence his nickname, and did the same for the Rio Grande. He explored the Llano Estacado, Monahans Sand Hills country, and the Big Bend. He was "another Grierson" in his effective command of black troops and "another Mackenzie" in his pursuits of hostiles into Mexico. It was his luck not to have any really hot fights with Indians, only a few skirmishes with light casualties on both sides. That is probably why his story is so little known, although it is actually typical of a hurry-up-and-wait army in which men were bored out of their crania for months at a time, then jolted by a few hours of terror if they were "lucky" enough to get into a real fire fight.—*Richard Dillon, Mill Valley, California.*

Range Wars

CATTLEMEN VS. SHEEPHERDERS: FIVE DECADES OF VIOLENCE IN THE WEST, 1880-1920. *By Bill O'Neal. Eakin Press, P.O. Drawer 90159, Austin, Texas 78709-0159. $16.95 cloth bound.*

Bill O'Neal's interest in the western cattleman-sheepherder conflict is more than academic. The nephew of a sheep rancher and the great-grandson of a Texas drover who fought in the Lampasas County range feud of the 1870s, O'Neal must have heard both sides of the story many times. He probably would tell you he was destined to write this account.

I admit the early pages of the book gave me some doubts. In the first paragraph O'Neal tells us that in the five decades of this war "[t]here were more than 120 raids and skirmishes, producing more than fifty human casualties and the slaughter of at least 53,000 sheep" (shot, clubbed, knifed, poisoned, dynamited, and "rimricked"). In the second paragraph I learned that just during the 1880s in Texas, 2,400 sheep and four men were killed. I flipped to the second page where the author informs us that "[m]ore than 16,000 sheep perished in Wyoming, almost 14,000 were slain in Colorado, and over 10,000 were slaughtered in Oregon." Was this going to be a book of statistics?

No, not in the least. Although O'Neal has a fondness for statistics (he is a baseball nut; one of his four previous books is a history of the Texas League), he does not overestimate the value of numbers and their place in history. He knows how to work them into a story to give it perspective.

Before I picked up this book I never gave much thought to why cattlemen

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hated sheepmen. I just knew they did. I seemed to remember hearing somewhere that sheep ruined the grass. After reading this book, I know that might not be correct. According to one of O'Neal's sources, a pioneer Wyoming cattle rancher, the cows were harder on the grass than the sheep. Cows went for the coarser, taller grasses, thus destroying the seed stalks so the ranges could not reseed. Sheep, on the other hand, preferred flowers, weeds, and fine grass, and tended to move about more, thereby preserving the stalks for reseeding.

But there were other factors. Cowboys had an image to maintain. They were proud and tough, because they handled big ornery beasts. Kings of the saddle, they felt superior to "lamb lickers," who tended timid animals on foot. Also, cattlemen claimed sheep (and their herders) smelled. Much of the animosity, however, stemmed simply from tradition. If you were a cowboy, you were supposed to hate sheepmen.

O'Neal covers all the big conflicts: the trouble in Texas and Colorado, Arizona's Pleasant Valley War, and the battles in Wyoming, including Ten Sleep and the Tom Horn affair. Although the Tom Horn-Willie Nickell story is well-worn ground, O'Neal's treatment is lively and well-researched.

The author, who is also a movie buff, also includes an interesting section on the controversy as it has been portrayed in novels and on the screen.

One wonders why it has taken so long for somebody to attempt a book-length account of that tragic, yet interesting era. While this volume is short, only 212 pages including twenty-eight photos, end notes, bibliography, and index, O'Neal has done a commendable job.—*Richard Patterson, Indianapolis, Indiana.*

Brazos River Country

LAMBSHEAD BEFORE INTERWOVEN: A TEXAS RANGE CHRONICLE, 1848–1878. *By Frances M. Holden. Texas A&M University Press, Drawer C, College Station, Texas 77843-4354. $12.95 paper bound.*

To most non-Southwesterners, both "Lambshead" and "Interwoven" are meaningless words, suggesting sheep country if not sweaters and men's socks. But Lambshead is actually a 50,000-acre hunk of cattle rangeland near Albany, Texas, named for early settler Thomas Lambshead. Its story was partly told by Sallie Reynolds Matthews, whose account of the Reynolds and Matthews clans she titled *Interwoven*. It is now a regional classic.

Now we have a fine companion-volume addressing the earlier days of the country around the Clear Fork of the Brazos River. The area was explored by Randolph Marcy, who ran his California Road for gold-seeking forty-niners along the Brazos fork. It then became part of the route of the Butterfield Overland Mail stages. Pacified by Camp Cooper before the Civil War and by Fort Griffin afterwards, much of Lambshead's story has to do with Indian-vs.-white conflicts. The hero of the tale is Indian Agent Robert S. Neighbors who, with Rip Ford, tried to protect the Indians from the likes of John R. Baylor. Others in a fascinating cast of characters include assorted buffalo hunters; Charles Goodnight and Oliver Loving with their trail drives to Horsehead Crossing and Fort Sumner; and cattle rustling badmen of the ilk of famous John Selman and little-known John Larn.

A special bonus beyond the index, illustrations, bibliography, and notes on sources is the rather large type face used by the publisher. It is a very readable type, chosen to match the overall design of Carl Hertzog's limited edition of the original *Interwoven*.

Mightily recommended reading!—*Richard Dillon, Mill Valley, California.*

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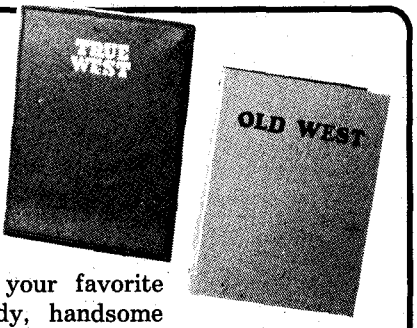

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Trails Grown Dim

Harding-Applegate-Et Al

I'm looking for information or relatives of the following people. (Also listed are any places where they are known to have lived.)

Albert Chester Harding, Stillwater, Oklahoma. James Monroe Applegate, Oklahoma. Worth Henry Flippin, Flippin, Arkansas, and Aurora, Missouri. George Washington Hill, Jewell, Iowa. Mary Sophia Rogers, Jewell, Iowa. Carolyn "Callie" Stallions, Flippin, Arkansas. Thomas H.P. "Perry" Flippin, Flippin, Arkansas.

Margaret Nail, Oklahoma. Ida Mae Nail, Oklahoma. John Freeman Burrow, Gravette, Arkansas. Nellie Mae Nott, Donivan, Arkansas. Cyrus Lewis Nott, Donivan, Arkansas. William F. Burrow, Gravette, Arkansas. Melvina Hearst, Berryville, Arkansas. W.M. Tennis, Berryville, Arkansas. James Wesley Burrow, Pea Ridge, Arkansas. John Seldon "Bud" Cash, Gravette, Arkansas. Donald Miller "Buster" Flippin, Aurora, Missouri, and Phoenix, Arizona.

Donald Miller Flippin was my father. He divorced himself from all his family and changed his name. I want to find out about the family I never knew. If you know anything of these people or think you might be related, please write.—**Donna S. Applegate, 1223 C. State Street, Nampa, Idaho 83651.**

Echols

Since I submitted my original inquiry which appeared in the December 1989 TRUE WEST, I have obtained additional data on the wife and children of John Thomas Echols.

In my original inquiry I stated that the wife of John Echols may have been Cynthia Lucretia West. That information was erroneous. John Thomas Milner Echols' wife was Georgia L. Hulsey, daughter of Charles Hulsey. She was born June 15, 1858, in the state of Georgia. Her family moved west prior to the 1860 census. She probably married Echols in Indian Territory about 1873.

They had the following children: Sarah Louisiana Echols, Mary or Molly Echols, William or Bill Echols, Charlie Echols, and Minnie Echols. After the execution of her husband, Georgia Echols moved her family to Texas. She was living in Dallas in 1900. She married a second time to a man named Sexton, by whom she had one daughter, Grace.

Georgia and Sexton were later divorced. She died in Dallas on October 3, 1924. Her daughter Sarah Lou married John Robert Williams in June 1889 in Texas. They later moved to Roswell, New Mexico, where he worked as a blacksmith. Minnie married William Andrew "Andy" Parsons, and they moved to Henryetta, Oklahoma, where he was a lawman for many years.

Georgia had a brother named William H. Hulsey, who was born in 1863 in Indian Territory and died January 25, 1934, at Pharoah, Oklahoma. He was with John T. Echols when Echols shot and killed John Pattenridge. He testified for the prosecution at the murder trial in Fort Smith.

Georgia may also have had other brothers named Jim, Charles, and John Hulsey. Anyone with additional information on the Echols family is requested to contact me.—**James R. Rasco, 2000 Alejo del Sur, Harvey, Louisiana 70058.**

Moore

I am looking for information on my great-grandfather, Daniel E. Moore, born circa 1832 in Texas. I believe he was the son of James W. Moore, who is listed on the 1850 census for Bastrop County, Texas. The census lists only the initials of his children. Does anyone know their full names?

Daniel Moore was a Baptist preacher. I also need information on the parents and siblings of James W. (William or Wilson?) Cannon, born January 18, 1811, in Pennsylvania.—**Mrs. Elaine Von Moos, 324 N. Willow, West Covina, California 91790.**

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Ben Thompson and K

—July 11, 1882, and March 11, 1884, S

By BILL O'NEAL

After Ben Thompson gunned down two men in a Christmas Day saloon fight in Austin in 1876, he won acquittal on grounds of self-defense, then resumed his dangerous lifestyle. He gambled and drank, became involved in another gunfight (his tenth), then went with his murderous younger brother, Billy, to Dodge City in 1878. While there, Ben bullied performer Eddie Foy and met with his friend Bat Masterson, whom he soon would ask to rescue Billy after a shooting scrape in Nebraska.

The next year Ben ventured to booming Leadville. While in Colorado he was a participant in the "Grand Canyon War" between the Denver and Rio Grande and the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe railroad lines. Hired by Santa Fe officials to lead the defense of their property in Pueblo, Ben was ultimately arrested. After his release he used his $5,000 fee to open a string of gambling rooms in Austin.

BACK IN AUSTIN he was involved in a series of minor scrapes and joined a group of volunteers who inflicted one of the last punitive expeditions upon the Comanches of Texas. In 1879 he was defeated for the office of Austin city marshal, but he ran again in 1881 and won.

For two years Ben feuded with Jack Harris over a gambling incident which occurred in 1880. Harris had been a seaman and a filibuster with William Walker in Nicaragua; he had served as a policeman in San Antonio; and now owned and operated, along with partners Joe Foster and Billy Simms, the Vaudeville Theatre and Gambling Saloon, which reigned as the most notorious night spot in San Antonio.

Ben entered the theater on the afternoon of July 11, 1882. Learning that Harris was absent, Ben issued a belligerent challenge and left. Ben returned later, had a drink at the bar, and exited through one door as Harris, alerted by an employee, entered through another. Outside, Ben stopped to talk with Simms, who was an old acquaintance.

In the meantime, Harris picked up a shotgun and, cradling it in his lame left hand, slipped behind the Venetian blinds on the door nearest Thompson. Several patrons, sensing trouble, stampeded outside, and one shouted, "Jack has got his gun."

Ben peered inside and asked, "What are you doing with that gun?"

"Come on," replied Harris. "I'm ready for you."

Harris raised his weapon, but Ben drew a revolver and fired through the blinds. The shot ricocheted and struck Harris in the right lung. Harris lurched back, and Ben stepped inside and triggered a second shot, which missed. Harris then staggered upstairs, collapsed in the hall, and was carried to his home, where he died that night.

Ben surrendered himself, resigned as marshal of Austin, and was at length acquitted. Upon his return to Austin he was met with a spontaneous parade of well-wishers. But after his resignation he began to drink heavily; his gambling activities went downhill; and he was repeatedly involved in minor disturbances.

ON MARCH 11, 1884, Ben met King Fisher, gunfighting deputy sheriff from Uvalde who was in Austin on official business. The two men had several drinks. Then Ben decided to travel by train with Fisher as far as San Antonio, where Ben hoped to see a play scheduled to open the next day in Austin. On the train the men continued to drink and were quite rowdy.

After attending the play, at 10:30 p.m. Thompson and Fisher entered the

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ing Fisher

an Antonio, Texas—

Variety Theatre, where Ben had killed Jack Harris two years earlier. Billy Simms, Joe Foster, and bouncer Jacob Coy apprehensively joined Thompson and Fisher upstairs in a booth overlooking the vaudeville show. The group had a drink together, but when the conversation turned to the Harris killing, Fisher arose and uneasily tried to talk Ben into leaving. But harsh words broke out between Foster and Thompson, and Coy told Ben to stop causing trouble. Ben then slapped Foster and jammed his six-gun into the man's mouth. Coy grabbed the cylinder of the revolver, and Foster scuffled with Ben.

SUDDENLY Thompson and Fisher were shot down in a burst of gunfire. It has been strongly suggested that Coy, Simms, and Foster were aided by three other assassins: a gambler called Canada Bill, performer Harry Tremaine, and a bartender known only as McLaughlin. These three men presumably armed themselves with rifles and shotguns and lurked in an adjacent box in case of trouble. Thompson was struck nine times and Coy suffered a flesh wound. Foster was shot in the leg—probably when Coy grabbed Ben's gun—and died following amputation. Fisher never drew his weapon but was hit thirteen times in the head, chest, and leg, and died on the spot, his arm across Thompson's body. Most of Thompson's and Fisher's wounds were caused by shotgun and rifle fire, and there were powder burns on their faces.

The thirty-year-old Fisher was buried in Uvalde, where he was survived by his wife and four daughters. Thompson was interred at Austin's Oakwood Cemetery. Ben was mourned not only by his wife and children, but by the numerous orphans he very generously supported.

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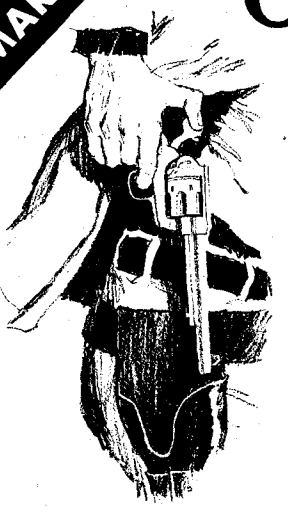
Outlaws and Lawmen



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The Pioneer Woman's Ghost Story

By DEBRA D. MUNN

Sadie Evalena Hale and her husband, Dudley, were late nineteenth-century settlers on Luman Creek, at the very foot of the Bighorn Mountains of north central Wyoming. After living for short periods of time in Terry, Montana, and Sheridan, Wyoming, the couple and their two daughters set out for the Bighorns and eventually built their dream mountain home after filing on what had been a very badly cut up parcel of approximately ten acres. At the back of their property was an abrupt, high rocky ledge, and lying in front was a lesser one. In between the two the Hales built the three-room, rough log cabin that must have seemed palatial at the time, in spite of the dirt floors and the flour sacks that covered the windows until glass could replace them.

The Hales were the first settlers to build on the stream, and it wasn't long before their home became a pleasant oasis. Fed entirely by springs, Luman Creek furnished a ready water supply that the Hales used to grow alfalfa, corn, small grains, strawberries, and plenty of garden vegetables. So rich were their harvests that in the fall when the Hales went into nearby Hyattville, they often loaded up their wagon with watermelons to give to the citizens of the town. And to add a touch of beauty to her garden, Mrs. Hale tended the cheerfully towering hollyhocks, grown from seeds she had brought from Montana.

Natural food supplies were also plentiful near the Hales' new home. Currants, wild cherries, giant gooseberries, raspberries, and buffalo berries grew wild in the bushes along Luman Creek, and trout were so lazy that the two little girls, Rosa and Jeanette Mary, often captured them by hand and then surprised their parents by bringing them home for supper. In addition, a few cows and hogs and a flock of chickens provided the family with all they needed to

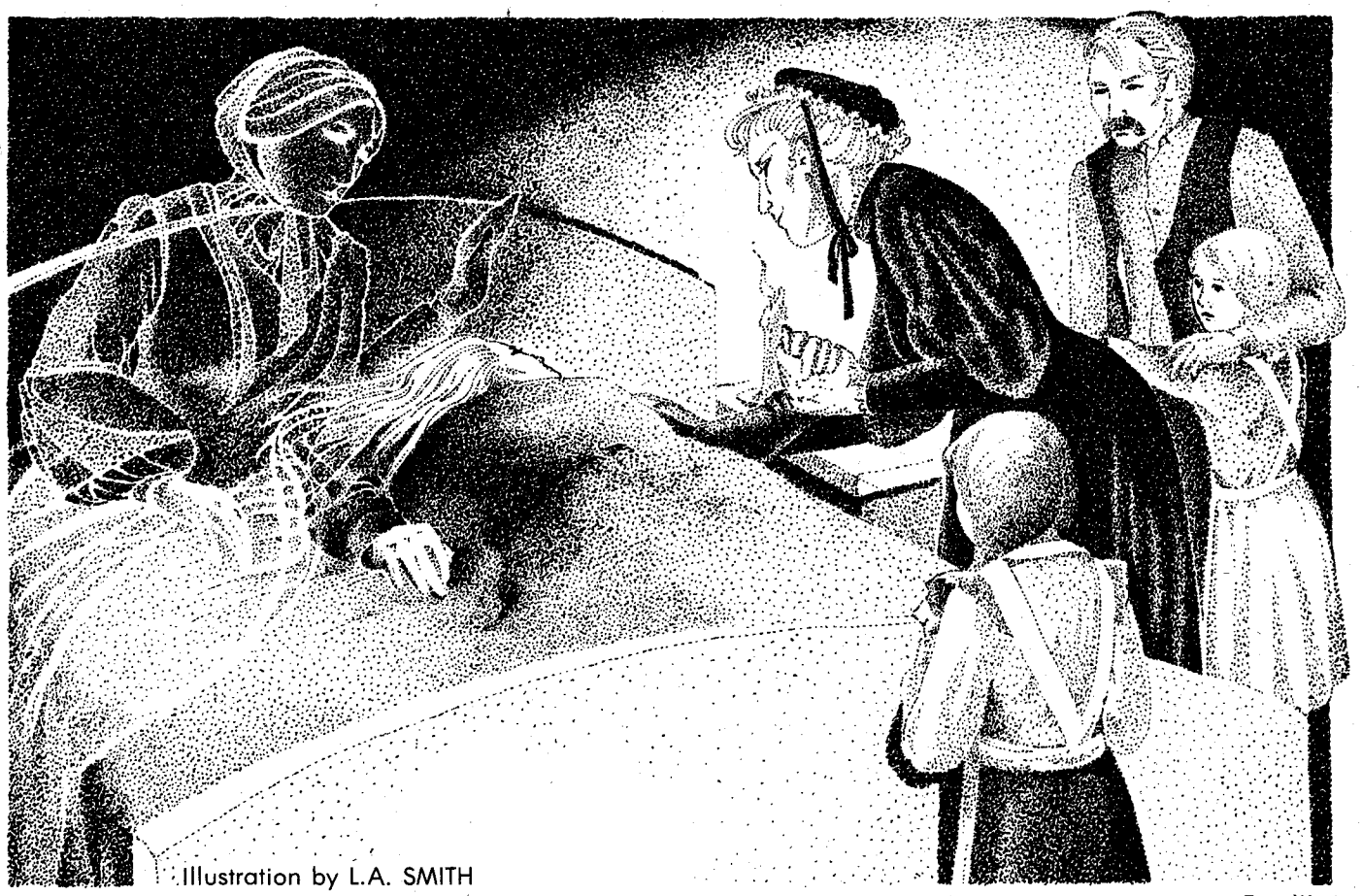

Illustration by L.A. SMITH

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create an Eden out of the wilderness.

But trouble arises even in the most pleasant of places. One night while preparing supper, Mrs. Hale became seriously ill, and she sent her uncle to bring home her husband, who was doing carpenter work six miles away for J.J. Smith. Mrs. Hale's condition worsened, and her suffering became even harder to bear.

Mr. Hale's chief employment had been as irrigator for John Luman, and later he had charge of Luman's herd of cattle. When Mrs. Hale became critically ill, Curt Simmons, Luman's bookkeeper, informed the couple of a lady visiting the area who was reputed to have great powers of healing. Because she was so close and the nearest medical doctor was as far away as Basin, the Hales gave their permission for Simmons to go and get her.

When he returned, he brought with him a woman dressed entirely in black, who took Mrs. Hale's hand in her own as soon as she entered the room. At that very instant, Sadie Hale felt a mysterious power surge throughout her body. Then, as she was temporarily strengthened, she told the lady in black to go have her supper, as Mr. Hale would stay with her.

"Do you remember, Dud, the strange dream I told you of, a year ago?" Mrs. Hale asked him. "Of the woman totally in black standing beside my bed, holding my hand?"

"I sure do," answered Mr. Hale. "It was a dream you thought a great deal about, but couldn't connect with any previous thought."

"Dud," Mrs. Hale continued, "this is that woman! I remember that face, the all black outfit, and she took my hand. Only one thing isn't right. In my dream she came into the yard in a shiny black-topped buggy, but Mr. Simmons went after her in a lumber wagon."

"No," Dud corrected her. "It fits in that detail, too. He went down to Luman and got John's new buggy. He thought it would be so much faster in making the trip."

"I do declare!" was all Mrs. Hale could say.

The family continued to watch over her anxiously for several more days, because she remained critically ill. But the lady in black never wavered in her efforts to bring Mrs. Hale back to good health. She cast herself in a trance and massaged the invalid from head to toe, slapping her body smartly until she glowed. Mrs. Hale had never seen anything like it, and came to believe that her mysterious friend was not a nurse, but a spiritualist. Thinking about the strange practices of the lady in black, Mrs. Hale at one point laughed out loud.

"You laugh, go right ahead! It's good for you!" the lady said, encouraged by Mrs. Hale's good humor. She continued her strange healing rituals, muttering to herself at times and remaining in perfect quiet trances at others, never giving up on her patient.

But Mrs. Hale's suffering continued, until she was finally comforted by her belief that the ease of death was not far away. No longer could she continue to struggle for life, even though her two little girls and her husband loved and needed her desperately. But just at the time she felt closest to death, she heard an insistent voice nearby, saying, "You are not going to die. We are not going to let you die."

Mrs. Hale was never able to tell later just how much time passed between hearing the voice and hearing a great "Whew-w-w-w" sound that signalled the end of her illness. Tumbling one over another were great white clouds which rolled from her head down the length of her body and off the foot of the bed. She looked up to see her husband, leaning on the mantle with his head down and his face pale as a ghost.

"Dud, what's the matter?" she asked.

"Thank God, she'll live!" he spoke, as if in answer to prayer.

The lady in black stayed for three more weeks while Mrs. Hale continued her recovery. One day the two women were looking through Mrs. Hale's family photograph album. The lady in black pointed to one of the pictures.

"I know this lady," she said.

"Oh, but you don't," Mrs. Hale explained. "She's been dead a great many years. That's my mother, who died when I was two."

"But I do know her," the lady insisted. "She has been right here beside you and me during all your sickness. She spoke to you. She said, 'You're not going to die. We won't let you die.'"

"I thought you said that!" Mrs. Hale replied in astonishment.

"No, that was your mother," maintained the lady in black.

Years later, Sadie Evalena Hale Blake still marveled at the strangeness of the events leading to her recovery. On June 25, 1941, she granted a lengthy interview, from a part of which this article is closely drawn, to Basin schoolteacher Verda Burnham as part of a WPA project on early settlers. "I never had any faith in such things," she said, "and yet this was an experience, true, exactly as I've related it here."

What are we to make of Mrs. Hale's story? May we assume from it that the spirits of the dead are able to return to help their loved ones still on earth?

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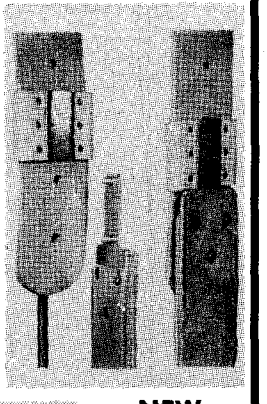

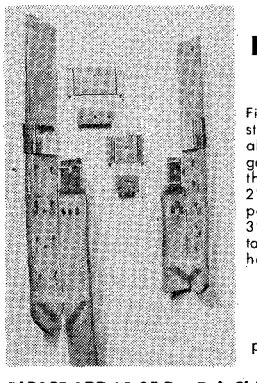

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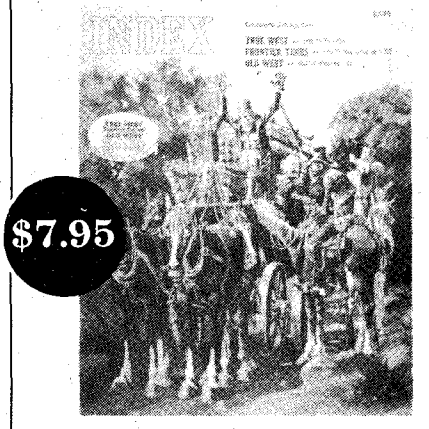

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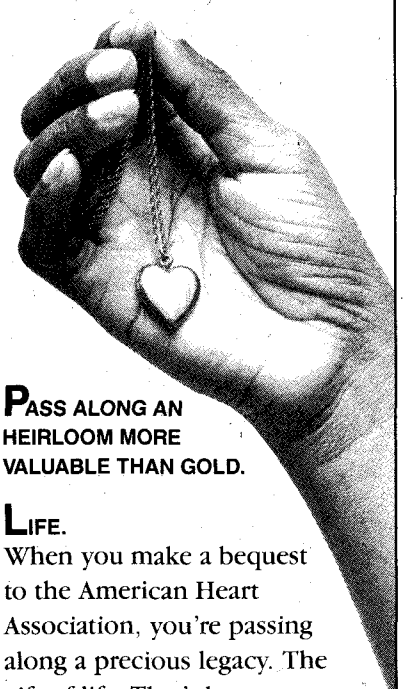

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June 9	Sept. 1990	Aug. 1 - Sept. 1
July 9	Oct. 1990	Sept. 1 - Oct. 1
Aug. 9	Nov. 1990	Oct. 1 - Nov. 1
Sep. 9	Dec. 1990	Nov. 1 - Dec. 1
Oct. 9	Jan. 1991	Dec. 1 - Jan. 1
Nov. 9	Feb. 1991	Jan. 1 - Feb. 1
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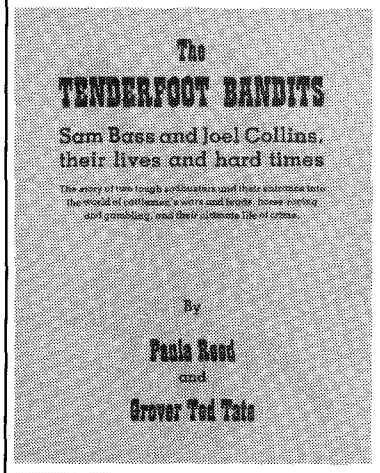

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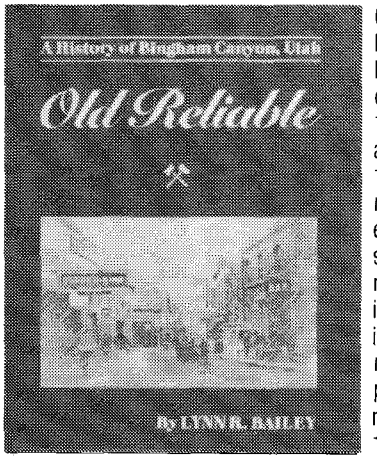

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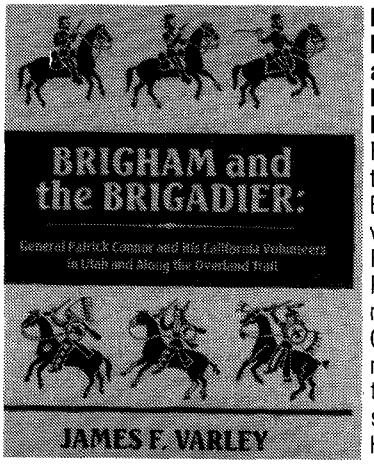

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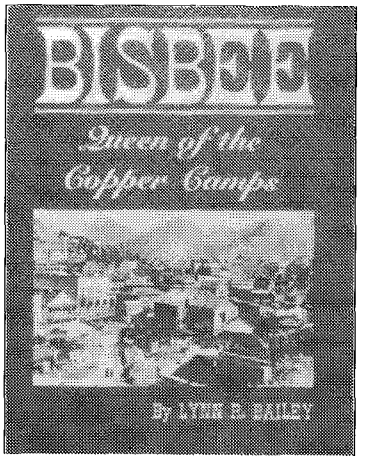

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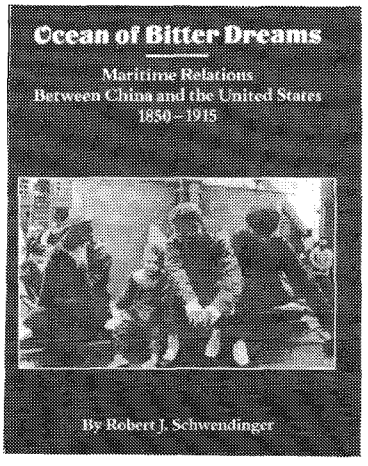

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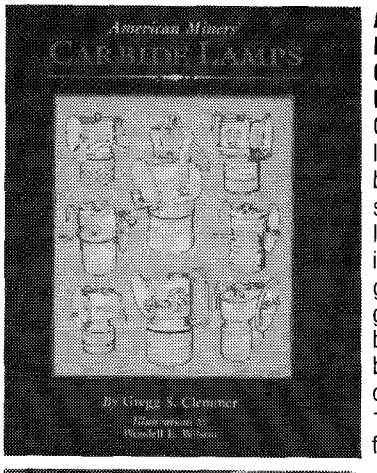

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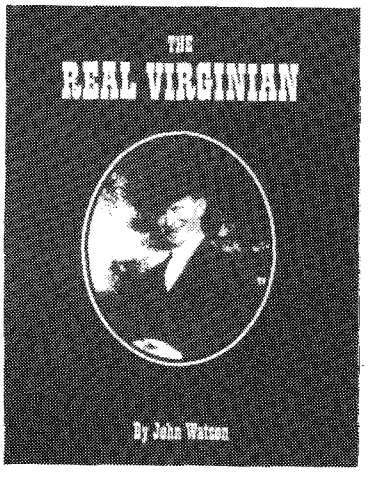

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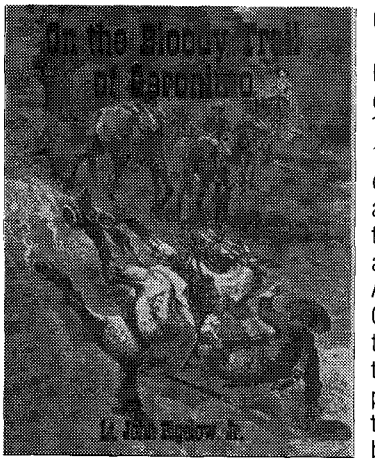

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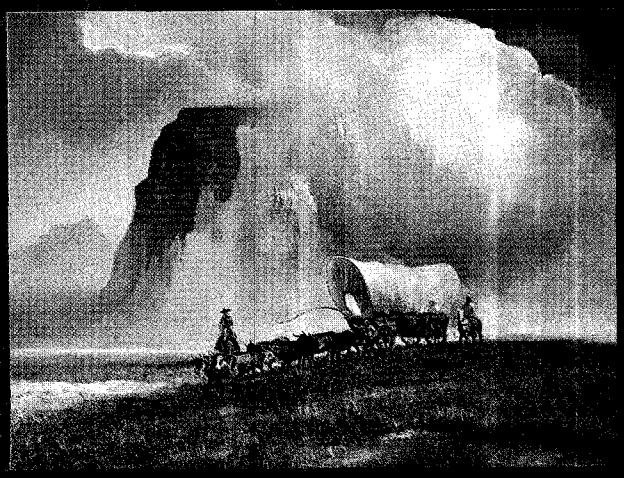

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